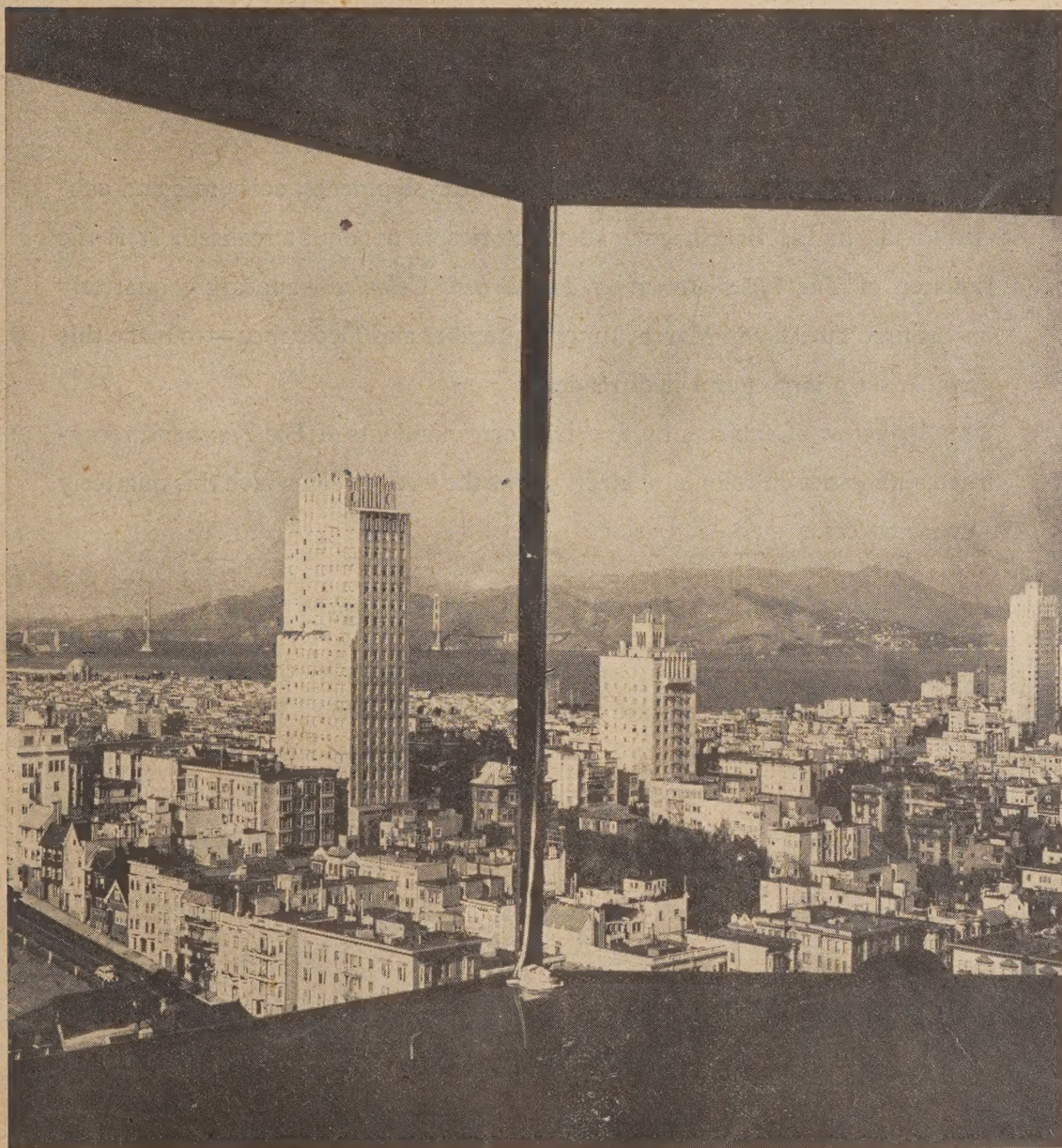


# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



San Francisco, where the conference on the peace treaty with Japan will open next Tuesday

**In this number:**

**Spain and the Western Powers (Vernon Bartlett)**

**John Richardson of the Nicobars (Compton Mackenzie)**

**Saints of the Cocktail Bar? (Christopher Hollis)**



## ABOUT THE BRITISH COLONIES

The importance of keeping in touch with developments, economic and constitutional, in the British colonial territories is no doubt realised. It is the function of *The Times Review of The British Colonies* — appearing quarterly on the first Tuesday in March, June, September and December — to make this possible for a large number of readers.

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## THE TIMES REVIEW OF THE BRITISH COLONIES

*A Quarterly Publication*

CURRENT ISSUE — SEPTEMBER 4

24 PAGES • PRICE 6d • ILLUSTRATED • FROM ALL NEWSAGENTS AND BOOKSTALLS

*The annual subscription is 2s. 6d., including postage. Orders should be sent to the Subscription Manager,  
The Times, London, E.C.4.*



# The Listener

Vol. XLVI. No. 1174

Thursday August 30 1951

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

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## Spain and the Western Powers

By VERNON BARTLETT

**E**IGHTEEN years ago I zigzagged from Portugal to Turkey, doing a series of interviews for the B.B.C. called 'The Strong Men of Europe'. Of a round dozen political leaders I saw, only one—Dr. Salazar of Portugal—is still alive. Four of them—Hitler, Mussolini, King Alexander of Yugoslavia and Dr. Dollfuss of Austria—met with dramatic and dreadful deaths. Most of the others are already almost forgotten—few people now talk about Marshal Pilsudski of Poland, for example, or about President Azana of Spain or about General Goemboes of Hungary. The two leaders who were most widely and genuinely regretted when they died were Thomas Masaryk of Czechoslovakia and Kemal Ataturk of Turkey, and it is certainly no coincidence that the former was the president of what was then the most democratic state in central Europe, and the latter carried through more important social reforms during his fifteen years of rule than all his predecessors put together.

The one survivor, Dr. Salazar, has had the distinction of being the least conspicuous of these strong men, and it may well be for that reason that he has lasted so long. I once wasted a whole day in Lisbon hunting for a photograph of him, whereas portraits of most dictators are displayed in every public building and, two years ago in Bulgaria, I came across a huge photograph of Stalin even in the incubator room of a collective farm. Dr. Salazar could not possibly pretend that his government is a democratic one in our sense of the word. But it is the kind of unostentatious autocracy that seems to suit the Portuguese.

This talk is not about Portugal; it is about Spain. But I mention Dr. Salazar because it seems to me that his neighbour, General Franco, is now following his example very closely. He may have begun as a soldier, whereas Salazar began as a professor, but he has developed into a very shrewd politician. He has not yet got over a certain pleasure in being photographed, but, like Salazar, he has learnt the value of keeping himself in the background in the splendid isolation of his palace of El Pardo, a little way outside Madrid. He is a small man, with a very soft and gentle voice and with the slightly bulging middle which the Spaniards call '*una curva de felicidad*' (a curve of felicity)—although in his case the curve is not the result of enjoyment of good food and drink for (again like Dr. Salazar) he is very abstemious. Neither seems to get much fun out of being a dictator: there is very little of the pomp and circumstance which Hitler and Mussolini so enjoyed while it lasted. But I have come back from Spain with the suspicion that Franco is more securely established now than at any other time.

I ought to warn you that Spain is one of the countries about which I cannot speak without bias. I know that the Spanish Republic before 1936 made all sorts of mistakes and showed many kinds of intolerance. Nevertheless I believe that it made a praiseworthy effort to abolish the poverty which resulted from the feudal conditions of Spain. I was twice in Republican Spain during the civil war, and I spent uncomfortable and frightening periods crouching in ditches on the road between Madrid and Toledo while German



and Italian aircraft, that were not supposed to be in Spain at all, dropped bombs in my neighbourhood. I am not physically well-constructed for lying in ditches with my face in the dust, and I daresay that the indignity of the position did, and still does, warp my judgment about the country. Anyhow, I admit that I felt, and still feel, that the defeat of the Republic was a grave international disaster. It seemed to me to give tremendous encouragement to dictatorship as a form of government.

### International War of Ideologies

I do not want to start an argument about which side in the civil war received most help from abroad. That is the kind of subject that might very usefully be examined by some impartial commission of historians. But because the Spanish civil war began so soon after Hitler set out on his mission to destroy democracy it developed into an international war of ideologies. In Barcelona and Madrid, Valencia and Alicante, I met young men of every kind and from almost every country who had come to Spain at their own expense to enlist in the International Brigade. On Franco's side there were people who also felt passionately, but the other way round. They saw themselves as the defenders of Christianity against the forces of evil, and if they were wrong in thinking that most non-Spaniards who helped the Spanish Republicans were communists, I daresay we were equally wrong in exaggerating the number of Germans and Italians who were helping General Franco.

I remind you of all this because, although the civil war is now a matter of history, the memory of it is still vivid and influential. It has led us, during the past fifteen years, to limit our dealings with Franco in the hope that this isolation, this international condemnation of him, would lead to his overthrow. But it has not done so yet, and I have to admit that I see no sign that it will do so in the future. Nevertheless, I believe that the civil war has so influenced developments in Spain that it is not at all the sort of country we condemned to isolation a dozen years ago.

A lot of us had expected the Republic to return. There are three reasons why that now seems improbable, at any rate for some years to come. One is that exile has imposed too great a strain on the unity of the Spanish Republican leaders. Naturally enough, their rivalries and disputes have been very fully reported by the Franco press, to the discouragement of Republicans still inside Spain. The second reason is that Franco dealt so ruthlessly with his defeated enemies that it would be extremely difficult to organise anything in the way of a successful rebellion against him. But the third reason is far and away the most important. It is that there could be no revival of the Republic without another civil war, and that is something which no patriotic Spaniard would face. A million Spaniards lost their lives in the last civil war, and nobody wants another one.

### Prospects for the Monarchy

The prospects for the Republicans are indeed so poor that many of them have made an alliance with the monarchists. Better a king they do not know than a General Franco they do. And yet the prospects for the monarchy also do not look very bright. Don Juan, the heir to the throne, is an amiable young man with moderately advanced ideas, good looks and a reputation untarnished by partisanship in the civil war. He is one of the relatively few Spaniards who does not want to avenge himself on anybody. For some years he has been living in Portugal awaiting his chance to come back to Madrid. In the past he has made it clear that he would make no bargain with Franco, and that he would only come back to Madrid if the people called upon him to do so. But the people of Spain can call upon him only with Franco's consent, and there seems to be no obvious reason why that consent should be given. Fairly recently Franco has altered the succession law so that no Spaniard can now come to the throne unless he is thirty years of age, instead of twenty-five. Don Juan's eldest son is a boy of thirteen at school in Madrid and if he, instead of his

father, were proclaimed king, Franco would have a chance of staying on where he is for another seventeen years, which would be about as long a period of power as he or anybody else could desire. Meanwhile more and more men who sympathise with the monarchy are taking jobs under the Franco regime. But the fact that there are a few more monarchists in the latest government does not necessarily mean an improvement in Don Juan's chances. On the contrary, it means rather that more monarchists have gone over to Franco than that Franco has gone over to the monarchy.

So there is a queer kind of political merry-go-round in Spain, with some Republicans supporting the monarchy, some monarchists supporting Franco, and some followers of Franco supporting a monarchy of their own choosing. And it leaves one with the conclusion that Franco's position is solid, despite the fact that the strike in Barcelona in the spring was the expression of very widespread misery and discontent. There had been an exceptionally bad harvest last year, prices in the black market had risen to impossible heights, and—as must always be the case in a dictatorship which allows no criticism in the press—there was a disgraceful amount of corruption and incompetence in high places. All these things might have led to a change of regime if there had been any obvious alternative. There was not, and now tension is relieved not only by one of the best harvests on record but by the prospect of help from America. Although the dollars have not yet begun to arrive, the very fact that a treaty between the United States and Spain is on the way has immensely increased General Franco's authority. Already his newspapers are claiming that Spain is America's only true friend, and that it is far better to have this direct treaty than to be admitted to the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

### A Dictator Who is Criticised

But though there may be no change of ruler in Spain, there are very great changes in the country he rules. That is the point I most want to bring out here. I believe we have made the mistake of labelling Spain a Fascist dictatorship, pushing it into a mental pigeonhole and ignoring the moderating influence of time. Spain is still, of course, a dictatorship; fairly recently as a considerable concession it was announced that reports of sporting events need no longer be censored! But people criticise the dictator with a freedom which amazes anybody who has visited any of the Cominform countries. Nearly all the social reforms introduced during the Republic have been maintained, and business men grumble about the alleged interference with their freedom in the interests of the workers. Despite the corruption due to miserable salaries and a puppet press, the state administration is probably more efficient than it was under the monarchy, and many middle-class professional men who stayed on in the army after the civil war have widened the outlook of the corps of officers.

Most impressive of all is the change in the attitude of the Church, which had such a reputation for supporting the semi-feudal system and the aristocratic absentee landlords. Six thousand priests, including thirteen bishops, were killed in the civil war. That means that many priests today are still worried about their own safety. But there are also plenty of men who were ordained only after the civil war ended and who, like the Bishop of Malaga, are definitely progressive. The strongest demand for more freedom of speech now comes from the leaders of the Church, but both the labour unions and the rubber-stamp parliament are beginning to ask, rather timidly, for more power.

Nearly forty years ago, as a young student trying to learn Spanish, I used to live among the poorer people of Madrid. Their welfare seems to me a good deal more important than my own righteous indignation. As I see it now, their chances of an easier and happier time will best be improved, not by a prolongation of the boycott, but by the expected flow of American dollars and the greater tolerance on the part of General Franco which the hope of still more dollars will encourage. I no longer believe in the justice or wisdom of a policy based less upon the facts of today than the passions of fifteen years ago.—*Home Service*



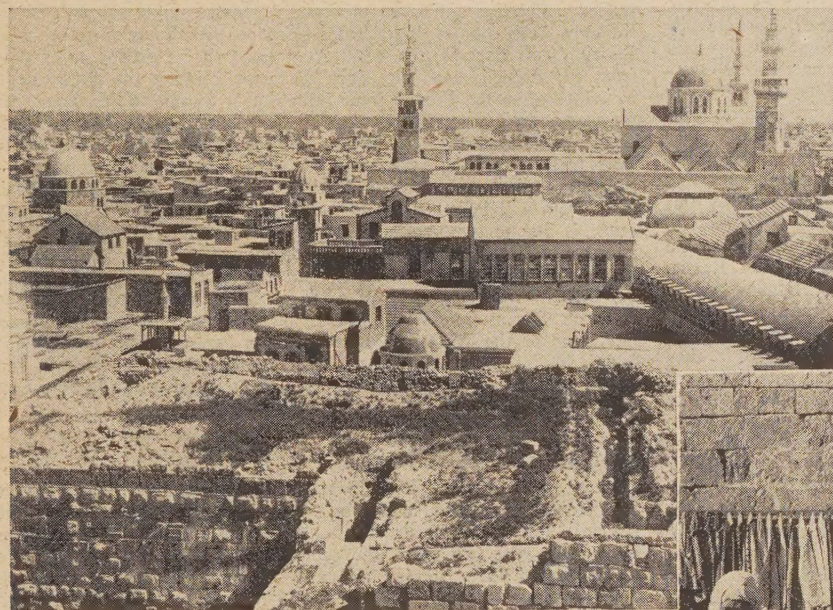
# Syria's Strength and Weakness

The second of three talks by LORD KINROSS on people and politics in the Middle East

**A**FLOOD, in Syria, sounds like a political demonstration. On the afternoon of my arrival in Damascus, I was woken by a commotion beneath my windows. There was a shrill murmur of voices, broken by the blast of police whistles, and a confused accompaniment which I took to be the surge of a crowd. I went to the window, expecting to see the familiar oriental spectacle of police batons raised against a swarm of students, waving

relatively primitive organisms, with all the resilience which more evolved societies often lack. They have never, since they were freed from what they call the bonds of imperialism, had stable governments. But they have had the kind of governments which they expect, which suit their temperament, and which in any case they are still prepared to put up with. Syria, under the name of democracy, is ruled today, behind the scenes, by a military clique, which may at any moment replace a progressive and popular government by a less progressive and less popular one, and which at the next moment may be replaced itself by another military clique. But to apply western standards to Syria and to conclude, from this political instability, that she, or indeed any of the Arab states, is on the verge of internal collapse, would be an error.

The roots of collapse are more often social and economic than political. And socially Syria is more stable and more democratic than most of her neighbours. She has fewer big landowners and a more contented peasantry. She is spending twice as much on education as she did just after the war. She has a healthy trade union organisation. Moreover, her army has turned out the old, corrupt brigade of



The Syrian capital, Damascus, with the great Omayyad Mosque on the right

banners and shouting slogans. But what I saw was different. It was the river, not the mob, which had invaded the main square of Damascus. The Biblical waters of Abana and Pharpar had burst their banks, and were swirling merrily through the streets into a square which was now a lake, invading the shops, isolating the trams, and driving the waiters in the cafes to take refuge on top of their marble tables. Knots of people marooned around the monument in the centre or on the steps of the government office opposite were shouting, more from excitement than from consternation, while children splashed each other gleefully in the muddy water, and a few resourceful citizens, stripped to their underclothes and applauded vigorously by the onlookers, conducted a pick-a-back service to the banks.

The flood—the result of an unprecedented summer cloudburst in the mountains—ran amok for several hours, and it looked as though Damascus must take days, if not weeks, to recover from its ravages. But by the evening it had subsided, leaving slippery pools of yellow mud in the streets; the shops were swept out and the customers readmitted; the cafe tables were back on the pavements and the trams were grinding round the square again, with that screaming noise peculiar to Damascus trams. Next morning Damascus awoke slightly soiled, but functioning normally, and the sun soon turned the mud back into dust.

The incident, I reflected, was typical of these eastern countries, where cataclysms, whether of nature or politics, happen swiftly and are as swiftly forgotten. Syria, during the past two years, has had three political cloudbursts—violent military *coups d'état* such as might have rocked a European state to its foundations. But they seem barely to have splintered the surface of Syrian life: a series of twenty-four hours' wonders, like the river bursting its banks. The Arab states are still



People of Syria: a clothes market below the walls of the citadel at Aleppo

nationalist politicians which still clings to power in other Arab countries. It is significant that the strongest party in Syria today is called the People's Party, a name symbolic of the new generation, not the Nationalist Party, a name symbolic of the old. The new Syrian constitution which has emerged from this series of *coups d'état* is an enlightened document, aiming at a high degree of social democracy. Its aims have not yet been achieved—partly because of army interference, and partly because the new generation still lacks experience and authority. But this new generation is socially and economically minded, and in time it should come into its own.

In the second place economics have come to the rescue of politics. Economically, Syria is in a far more stable position than she was two years ago. Two factors are mainly responsible for this. First, Syria quarrelled with her neighbour, the Lebanon; secondly, she began to profit by the world boom in cotton. The Syrians, as a producing country, were getting the worst of their customs union with the



Lebanon, an importing country, and broke it, with the result that their Customs receipts went up by fifty per cent. They started to develop their own port of Latakia instead of the Lebanese port of Beyrouth, so that its traffic is now five times what it was before the war. At the same time they put large new areas under cotton, whose production is now something like twenty times what it was just after the war. Last year for the first time Syria had a favourable trade balance. For the first time she balanced her budget, as no other Arab country had succeeded in doing.

### Relations with Israel

These are all encouraging factors. Unfortunately, when we look to the external situation, the picture is far from encouraging. This is dominated in the Syrian mind—and indeed in the Arab mind as a whole—by one single factor: fear of Israel. The Arab states see planted on their frontiers—within what used to be their frontiers—a modern state, well-organised, well-disciplined, well-educated, financed by American dollars and protected by American arms, economically and territorially ambitious, with a surplus population and, in their eyes, an aggressive, ruthless spirit. It is true that the three Western Powers—Britain, America and France—have made a tripartite declaration guaranteeing their frontiers. But this does not prevent the Jews from encroaching on them continuously, without effective interference from the powers or from the Security Council. Israel, to the Arab, is a cancer—for which Britain and America are responsible—gnawing at an otherwise healthy body. They sit as it were paralysed by this cancer, allowing it to poison the system, unable to rouse themselves to a policy which might keep it in check. The Arabs today can see no further than that small, thrusting power behind the Jordan. Russia, they say to us, may be your enemy. Ours is Israel. Help us against ours, and then we may be in a position to help you against yours.

The Russians, of course, exploit this situation to the full. It is true that, in a state with as few fundamental social grievances as Syria, they can do little to foment internal discontent. But they can and do foment antagonism to America and Britain, driving a wedge between the Arabs and the western world. The 800,000 Arab refugees, squatting in their camps with nothing to do but gaze resentfully across the frontier to their lost lands, are an easy target for communist propaganda, and Syria has its share of them. Syrian 'Partisans of Peace' create disturbances in favour of neutrality. A Syrian 'League of Democratic Youth' sends delegates to a 'festival of youth' in Soviet Berlin. Syrian women are enlisted by Soviet agents into a 'League for the Protection of Childhood and Maternity'. Syrian sheikhs and Syrian trade unionists attend the Warsaw 'peace' conference. The Orthodox Patriarch of Antioch visits Moscow. Syrian politicians make periodic statements, condemning the western bloc and proposing a non-aggression pact with Russia.

It would be a mistake to exaggerate the actual danger of these various manifestations. They reflect, for the present, the attitude of an insignificant section of malcontents. But their potential danger is great, and it will become greater unless the western powers now make a serious attempt to stabilise the Arab world. A peace treaty with Israel is, of course, the answer. But that can only be a long-term objective. The Arabs are as far as ever from the necessary frame of mind. Indeed, though Arab union—between Syria and Iraq, Syria and Jordan, or Jordan and Iraq—seems for the present remote, Arab unity, with regard to the Jews, has grown, if anything, slightly stronger, as the despatch of an Iraqi fighter squadron to Damascus on the outbreak of the recent frontier troubles showed.

The answer to the problem, then, is to proceed towards peace by slow and careful stages: to try to reduce some of the tension between Arab and Jew, to rub off some of the edges of their mutual hostility, and thus to create a temperature in which a peace treaty might eventually become possible. Much will depend on America: on the establishment of mutual Arab-American confidence. Since the tripartite declaration, the policy of the Americans towards the Arabs—though the Arabs do not yet perceive it—has undergone a perceptible change. There is a growing preoccupation in the States with the problem of Middle East defence; a growing awareness, on the part of independent American opinion, that the Arabs have a case which they have never known how to put, but which it is now only fair to consider. There are signs, in short, of a more impartial American policy. In concrete form, this has led to President Truman's Point Four plan for backward areas, under which the Arabs are to receive technical assistance; and in his more recent offer of a grant-in-aid of

\$50,000,000 to the Middle Eastern countries, to be divided between Arabs and Jews, with another \$50,000,000 for refugees. This might eventually become the basis of some kind of Marshall Aid for the Arab countries, as for Greece and Turkey.

But much ground has still to be covered before it can materialise. The Syrians, and to a lesser extent the other Arab countries, are still looking these gift horses in the mouth. Syria is reluctant to accept Point Four. Her negotiations for a loan from the International Bank have been hanging fire because of what the Syrians call the political conditions, but what in fact are merely the normal business conditions attached to it. The Truman offer has had a cold reception, largely because of an impression that the Jews are being offered relatively much more than the Arabs. And any offer of help for the settlement of the refugees is regarded as help for the Jews, whose responsibility they are. Thus the attitude of the Arabs towards American aid is still fraught with mistrust.

There are, nevertheless, two ways in which the tension might be relieved. The first and most important is by the supply of arms. Syria, the only Arab country (apart from Lebanon) which has no treaty with Britain, feels dangerously weak. At present she is getting arms only from the French; and this, since the army controls the government, has restored to the French some influence in Syrian affairs. Last year there was an unfortunate incident, when Syria bought and paid for some fighter aircraft from Britain. Syrian pilots came to Britain to learn to fly them, the Syrian flag was even painted on the fuselages—and at the last moment the British Government stopped the deal. No Syrian will believe that this, and our continued refusal to supply arms, is due to our own shortage of arms owing to the Korean war and our Atlantic obligations. It is assumed to have the political motive of keeping Syria weak. If therefore America, followed perhaps by Britain, were now to sell arms to Syria, this would go far to establish Syrian confidence in her own strength and in the good intentions of the Western Powers towards her. It might become the foundation of some ultimate military agreement between Britain and Syria, thus strengthening the weakest link in the chain of Middle East defence and stiffening the soft under-belly of Turkey.

### Need of Foreign Assistance

Thus the reinforcement of Syria's military strength should be the first step. The second should be the reinforcement of her economic strength, for though Syria has made considerable economic progress during the past two years, she cannot maintain or increase this rate of progress without foreign assistance. Before this can be achieved, however, some solution must be found for the problem of the Arab refugees. This is still the major stumbling-block to an Arab agreement with Israel, and to the establishment of Arab confidence in America. Some slight progress has been made, if only on paper. The Arab League, which refused originally to discuss any solution but the return of the refugees, has now agreed in principle to accept Jewish compensation for their lands, without prejudice to their ultimate return. The Jews, who originally refused to discuss the question of compensation except as part of a general peace settlement, seem now prepared to discuss it separately. The Palestine Conciliation Commission has set up an office in Jerusalem to work out the details of compensation. The arrangement by which the United Nations organisation is providing funds merely for relief—not, in practice, resettlement—of the refugees comes to an end next spring. Between now and then it may be possible to arrive at some new agreement concerning them, based on compensation and a policy of resettlement rather than relief, with the administrative responsibility for their welfare shifted to a great extent from the United Nations to the Arab governments themselves.

If this can be achieved—and it will require long and intricate negotiation and the payment of very large sums of money—the door may then be open to the third stage: not, as yet, a frontier settlement with the Jews, but the acceptance by the Arabs of economic aid on fair and equal terms with the Jews. The Americans will have to walk delicately, respecting Arab touchiness and pride, removing suspicion by attaching as few conditions as possible to their aid, and administering it with tact and patience. The Arabs, on the other hand, will have to gain the confidence, not merely of the State Department, which is already sympathetic towards them, but of Congress. One of the reasons why the Jews get more money from the American Government than has been offered to the Arabs is that they are able to justify it by submitting concrete economic projects, worked out in detail and put



forward in a proper, business-like form. If the Arabs can only learn to do the same, putting forward their proposals to a nation of business men in such a way as to establish their serious intentions, there is no reason why, in the long run, they should not receive aid on a similar scale to the Jews. If the Arab states were thus strengthened, economically and militarily, the balance between Jews and Arabs—victors and vanquished—would be redressed; and the Arabs, when the time was ripe, would feel in a stronger position to negotiate with the Jews.

In all this Britain has a vital part to play. The present task of our diplomacy in the Arab countries must be, first of all, to win the Americans to the side of the Arabs; and, secondly, to win the Arabs to the side of the Americans. We must take the lead, giving to both the benefit of our wide experience and understanding, exercising forcefully those qualities of fair-minded authority which gave us strength

in these areas in the past, and which, even today, despite the blunders of Palestine, give us, above other Western Powers, a trusted position with the Arabs.

The issue of the Middle East is an issue of confidence: confidence first between America and Britain, between America and the Arabs, between Britain and the Jews, confidence finally between the Arabs and the Jews. This final confidence may take some time to establish. It must develop according to circumstance, and cannot be forced. Eventually both Jews and Arabs must agree to live side by side, in mutual tolerance if not in mutual friendship. For the moment Jewish arrogance and Arab fear make this impossible. It will become possible only when the Jews can learn to be magnanimous in victory, and when the Arabs can learn to face up, philosophically and above all practically, to the implications of defeat.—*Third Programme*

## Training New Nations

By IVOR THOMAS

IT has been our privilege to have brought many new nations into existence, and we are watching their progress with some pride. There was no textbook entitled *Hints to Young Mothers of Nations*, and we had to learn for ourselves and have made our mistakes; but we cannot have done such a bad job or the nations who have achieved self-government would not choose to stay in the family circle, as they have all done except one.

It is not always easy to set down our knowledge, but if there is one feature that stands out in our methods it is this: we do not try to impose our own customs and institutions on the people for whom we are responsible, but we do try as far as possible to develop their own customs and institutions. I think this, more than anything else, is the reason why so many different peoples have been willing to accept the guidance of a handful of British administrators.

It so happens that one of our most experienced and distinguished administrators, Lord Hailey, has just made a thorough survey of our methods and practice in the ten African territories we are responsible for. It is published in four volumes by His Majesty's Stationery Office and called *Native Administration in the British African Territories*\*. In the first three volumes he describes in meticulous and well-ordered detail the British practice in East, Central and West Africa; and in the final volume he gives his mature reflections on the system as a whole. When Lord Hailey writes a book on Africa all others are superseded; I should like to use the chance this book gives us to look at our colonial practice as a whole, and to compare it with the French, which is very different and also has many years of experience behind it.

We could not possibly provide from this tiny island all the administrators needed for the colonial territories—even if we so wished. We could have found the Governors and Chief Secretaries, no doubt, but it was more than we could possibly do to provide the thousands of magistrates, police, tax-collectors and inspectors needed. We had to use local leaders and institutions—the headmen of villages, the chiefs and elders of tribes, and emirs and kings of territories, and their various councils—for all kinds of work and functions, especially those which touched the lives of the people most closely; and we soon found that this was a far better and more acceptable system than administration by Europeans. This was, of course, rather like the way schoolmasters leave the running of many of the affairs of the school to prefects drawn from the boys themselves.

There are two ways in which this can be done. The first is to appoint such headmen, chiefs, or rulers as the executive agents of the colonial government. This is known as Direct Rule and is the method largely used by the French, as I shall show later. The second is to use headmen, chiefs and rulers or other Native Authorities simply because they are the traditional or customary authorities whom the local people are accustomed to obey. This is known as Indirect Rule, and has been the special characteristic of British administration in Africa. It was, indeed, in its day one of the great discoveries of British political science. The germs of the idea may be found in the treaties which Sir George Goldie negotiated on behalf of the Royal Niger Company with African chiefs towards the end of the nineteenth century, and it became fully

developed when Nigeria was taken over by the Crown in 1900. The High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria, Lord Lugard, found then that the only practical way of running the country was to let the great Moslem rulers—the Emirs—get on with the job themselves. Later he rationalised this system in his Political Memoranda into a new philosophy of government and wrote a famous book on it called *The Dual Mandate*; but in the usual British manner, the practice came first and theory second.

Then when Sir Donald Cameron became Governor of Tanganyika in 1924, he applied it in that Territory. The Colonial Office itself was converted to the idea, and despatches went out urging the extension of the system. If we leave out of account Zanzibar which is technically an Arab state under British protection, Indirect Rule now prevails in all our territories in Africa except in Kenya and in Uganda. The Government had to appoint its executives there because, owing to the shape of the local native society, very few tribal chiefs or other suitable Native Authorities already existed.

This has been the British method. Now let me describe what the French have done and let us see where the differences lie. Recently I made a journey of about 6,000 miles mainly by car through French North Africa, across the Sahara and into French West Africa. I was deeply impressed by the work the French are doing to make the desert blossom again; but what particularly interested me was to see the use the French made of the local chiefs and leaders. It might be thought that Morocco and Tunisia are good examples of Indirect Rule, and so they are in the loose sense in which the term is sometimes used, but not in the strict sense in which Lord Hailey uses it. Technically Morocco and Tunisia are not under French sovereignty but are independent states under French protection. The Sultan of Morocco and the Bey of Tunisia each has his own apparatus of government, but is advised by a French Resident-General. This is much the same system as in the Indian States before the two new Dominions were created. They were ruled by their own Princes on British advice, and at the present time in Africa we have this system in Zanzibar, whose Sultan rules with the advice given him by a British Resident. But the term Indirect Rule should strictly not be used of countries under their own sovereignty. It really refers only to territories under the same sovereignty as the Mother Country. The French have yet another system in Algeria where the three northern departments are considered as much integral parts of France as, say, Yorkshire is of Great Britain. I myself think that this is a bit of a fiction for they have separate currencies, tax each other's goods and do other things which Yorkshire could not possibly do to Lancashire. Southern Algeria, which is mainly desert, is under military rule. So it is from French West Africa that we should expect to learn more about the French attitude to the use of traditional Native Authorities.

The French administrators have not shown the same fondness for Indirect Rule as our own. This does not mean that they try to run everything themselves. An African, Felix Eboué, actually rose to be Governor-General of French Equatorial Africa, whereas no African has yet risen to a similar rank in a British territory. The French make just

\* I—East Africa. 17s. 6d. II—Central Africa. 10s. 6d. III—West Africa. 17s. 6d. IV—General Survey. 5s.



as much use of headmen and chiefs as we do, but—and this is the difference—they normally use them as appointed agents of the Government, just as we have been compelled to do in Kenya and Uganda; they do not use them because of some station which they hold, whether by birth or by election, in African society.

The differences between British and French practice have often been sharply contrasted in the past. If the differences were so profound, it would be quite important, for the four British territories in West Africa are embedded in the Federation of French West Africa, and as the boundaries often run clean through tribes any major differences in practice would be noticed, and this would be harmful either to France or to Great Britain. But though the two theories are fundamentally different, the practical consequences are not so markedly different. Very often the same persons would be in office under either system. Whether in a French or a British territory, Africans can rise to high posts, and as far as the really important question goes, the effect on the character of the people—their industry, their self-reliance, their readiness to shoulder responsibilities, and so on—I should not care to say that one system is superior to the other.

In any case whatever differences there are in British and French practice are likely to be flattened out even further in the future because of the changes that are now taking place. And these changes are shown clearly in Lord Hailey's survey. One of the things which is bringing these changes and which is affecting Indirect Rule is the demand, in both British and in French African territories, for government by elected assemblies. This is a familiar idea to us, but it is something new to most African countries. And let us never forget that we are trying to bring about in a few generations in Africa something that took us about a thousand years in our own country. When Indirect Rule was first introduced it was not only convenient but was the most democratic system, because it accepted the institutions by which the local people had long been accustomed to be governed; and so it was not felt as the imposition of an alien system. But the position of the old customary authorities has been shaken; it has been shaken by the spread of education, the growth of an indigenous press, the influence of the radio and contacts with the western world. There is no longer simply the chief or Emir and the people beneath him. New classes are arising and demanding a share in power.

Under the impact of these forces the British system of Indirect Rule is not being abandoned, but it is being transformed. One typical change

is that in many places the chief no longer exercises a personal authority, but rules as 'the chief in council', and the elected members in his council are being increased until in due course it will become a fully representative assembly.

At the same time, and in keeping with these tendencies, the Native Authorities are being given far more functions. Originally their job was to supervise the tribal institutions by which African communities run their domestic affairs, to maintain law and order, to set up tribunals for settling disputes according to customary law, and to collect the poll taxes needed to carry out these services, for instance, to pay their own police forces, and the expenses of tribunals. These are essential functions, and relieve the colonial government of much detailed work. Settling questions about the tenure of land, for instance, is particularly important in African society and would baffle a European administrator who did not know the rules handed down from generation to generation.

All these matters are important enough, but lately the Native Authorities have also been entrusted with a wide range of what we should call local government services—this means such things as providing markets, keeping up local roads, developing local water supplies, building elementary schools and establishing dispensaries. These services are increasing so much that many people think they will in future be the main activity of the Native Authorities, and instead of speaking of Native administration they now prefer the phrase 'African Local Government'.

At the back of their minds is another thought. The aim of our policy for the Colonies is self-government within the Commonwealth and all Colonies are advancing towards it—some faster than others, of course. Local government is the best training for self-government. It may be disastrous to plunge a people into self-government before they are trained for its responsibilities. In this country the parish vestry and the municipal council have been a training ground for Parliament and in the same way the Native Authority transformed into a Local Government Authority may train colonial peoples to take part in the elected assemblies they are asking for—and so for eventual self-rule. 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new'. Native administration was originally justified as a device for protecting African tribes against the premature dissolution of age-old sanctions under the impact of western ideas; now it looks like being the vehicle in which African society will travel towards full self-government as we understand the term in western Europe.—*Home Service*

## Trial of Political Strength in New Zealand

By C. G. F. SIMKIN

CONDITIONS in New Zealand have been far from dull recently. We had the exciting rise in wool prices when the new sales opened last December, and then the waterfront dispute which became a long trial of strength between the Government and the country's most militant union. Now we are faced with an unexpectedly early election because the Government has decided to ask us to endorse its handling of the dispute.

Strikes are no novelty on the New Zealand waterfront: there have been no less than 116 in the last ten years. During Labour's period in power repeated attempts were made to persuade the watersiders to accept settlement of disputes by conciliation and arbitration. Special authorities were set up for this purpose—one after another—and each failed because the watersiders refused to accept rulings which were unfavourable to themselves. The then Minister of Labour issued a White Paper in 1949 vigorously condemning the union, and denouncing its leaders as communist-inspired wreckers. Colour was, indeed, given to this charge when the union affiliated to the notorious World Federation of Trade Unions. Our own Federation of Labour—the counterpart of your Trades Union Congress—expelled the watersiders for this action. The watersiders then set up a rival organisation with the support of a few other militant unions.

These events took place shortly before the 1949 election, and led to such strained relations between the Labour Party and the watersiders that they refused to assist the Labour election campaign. And for a few months after the new National Government was in power, the

watersiders seemed anxious to show that they could get on better with the 'tories' than with their predecessors. The Waterfront Industry Authority was revived in order to settle disputes by arbitration. But the new harmony was precarious. Last December the Court of Arbitration made a general order for a fifteen per cent. increase in wages; in accordance with this order the shipping companies offered the watersiders a new rate of 4s. 7½d. an hour. They rejected it, and also refused to submit the dispute either to the Waterfront Industry Authority or to the Court of Arbitration. They did not go on strike, but collectively refused to work overtime hours—which had much the same effect. After some fruitless interventions, the Government issued an ultimatum, but the watersiders stuck to their guns.

At the end of February the Government proclaimed a state of national emergency, issued emergency regulations, and deregistered the union. There has been a good deal of controversy about these regulations. The clauses to which most objection has been taken are those which made contributions to strikers illegal, made it an offence to aid strikers by speeches or publications, and gave the police power of entry if they had reason to suspect any offence against the regulations. These powers were undoubtedly drastic, and not such as any democrat could feel easy about. But it has also to be said that they were used with extraordinary moderation and restraint, so much so that throughout the strike the watersiders continued the open publication of their own journal.

In order to ensure essential supplies the Government suspended



military training, and manned the wharves with regular servicemen. The unions at first refused to co-operate with the servicemen, and a few went on strike in sympathy with the watersiders. But, thanks to the Federation of Labour, most of these unions soon resumed work. The danger of anything like a general strike quickly passed, and the only allies left to the watersiders were the seamen, an important section of the miners, and a section of the freezing workers. The Federation of Labour tried to bring about a settlement, but had to confess failure because the watersiders refused to be bound beforehand to accept the result of arbitration.

By this time the Government had laid down seven basic points for a settlement. The most important points were the following: New unions were to be formed at all ports; each was to undertake that disputes would be settled by arbitration, union policy was to be decided by secret ballots, and there had to be an improvement in the efficiency of work. The Government had now openly determined to get a 'new order' on the New Zealand waterfront, which had become notorious for slow work and costly delays. It also announced that it would have no dealings with Messrs. Barnes and Hill, the leaders of the de-registered union.

The Government then appealed to watersiders to abandon their leaders, and to enrol for membership in the new unions, which were to be set up in accordance with the seven points. At this critical stage the old union told the Government that it accepted the seven points, but only if it was re-registered. The Prime Minister rejected this proposal as inconsistent with his plans for a new order on the waterfront. There was a very poor response by the watersiders to the invitation to register in new unions, and the Government called for general applications. In May a new union was got going at Auckland, and, after some ugly incidents, soon grew large enough to work the port without the help of servicemen. Similar unions were formed at a number of minor ports, but attempts at other major ports met with very little success. It did, however, become clear that the strike was lost, and on July 11 the striking unions decided to resume work. At each port the old unionists applied *en bloc* for registration in the new unions. Few of them can hope for admission to the Auckland union, but at the other major ports they are now a decided majority of the membership.

### Criticism of the Government

The Labour Party for some time had become increasingly critical of the Government's handling of the strike. When Parliament resumed in July, Mr. Nash moved a motion of no confidence. He and other members of his party claimed that the strike could have been settled in April, when the old union accepted the Government's seven points for a settlement. It appeared to them, therefore, that the Government was responsible for prolonging the strike for another two months. They claimed that the emergency regulations were an unnecessary violation of democracy—that they were quite contrary to the United Nations' Declaration of Human Rights. They also alleged harsh applications of the regulations, but gave no substantial proof of these assertions.

The Opposition was undoubtedly taken aback when the Prime Minister announced that, in view of the grave charges that had been made, he would appeal to the country to endorse his handling of the strike. Mr. Nash described this step as a 'sordid political manoeuvre', which designed to take the electors' minds off the rapidly rising cost of living, but declared that the Labour Party willingly accepted the Government's challenge. Certainly Labour's electoral organisation has swung into action rapidly, a good deal more rapidly than that of its rival.

I have said that the Government is fighting the election on the claim that it has smashed a union which was a chronic nuisance to the whole country, and that it has secured a better and more efficient order on the waterfront. This claim is perhaps a little doubtful. The old unionists stuck solidly to their former leaders, have maintained their old organisation, form the majority in the new unions outside Auckland, and are pledged to win control of them in order to recapture their previous power. It is by no means unthinkable that they will succeed, in which case nothing may have been permanently settled by the strike. Already disturbing activities are taking place on the Wellington wharves. The emergency regulations, against which the Labour Party protested so much, have now been withdrawn, so that particular issue has now mainly a historical interest. In any case, the country was never seriously worried about the regulations.

Labour's most effective ammunition in the campaign is the rising

cost of living. Here it has the Government in a really uncomfortable position. Less than two years ago Mr. Holland came to power on the pledge to put value back into the pound. But since then the cost of living has gone up at least twelve per cent.—much more rapidly than in any period since the war. The major cause of this inflation has been the rise of world prices, and more particularly the rise which followed the outbreak of the Korean war. The Government partly countered the dramatic rise of wool prices by freezing one-third of farmers' wool cheques for a period of five years. It has also scrupulously avoided any new borrowing from the Reserve Bank, and has freed many imports from control. But rising import prices, the grant of a fifteen per cent. general wage increase by the Court of Arbitration, and a very large expansion of trading bank credit, have much more than offset the Government's moves against inflation.

### Labour's Programme

Labour will undoubtedly make much political capital out of this situation. But you may wonder what Labour is proposing as a remedy. Although Mr. Nash has been understandably cautious in committing himself about this issue, it seems clear that if he gets back into office, he will use much the same methods as he relied upon to counteract war-time inflation. On the one hand, he would restore price and profit controls, and, on the other hand, he would pay subsidies to keep down the prices of goods which enter into the cost of living. But he faces one difficulty in advancing this programme. The electorate returned the National Party in 1949, not only because it hoped for a more valuable pound, but also because it was fed up with controls and shortages.

So far as external affairs are concerned there is little to divide the parties. And both have expressed their satisfaction with the Pacific Pact recently signed by the United States, Australia and New Zealand, although there have been some Bevanish mutterings from a few Labour members about the Government committing us to blind support of the United States. And the Japanese Peace Treaty has still to be ratified. There has not been much discussion about it, nor, so far as I can see, any real criticism. This election is being fought on purely internal issues.

You will not, I am sure, expect me to make any forecast about the result. For one thing I have no Gallup Poll to guide, or misguide, me. In the last election, which was only twenty months ago, the Nationalists won forty-six seats to Labour's thirty-four. And four of Labour's seats are the specifically Maori electorates, where there has been some tendency to vote for the party in power at the time of the election. But the election must finally depend upon whether the waterfront remains quiet enough during the next month to justify the Government's claim that it has established a new order there, and also upon the proposals each party will advance for controlling the rising cost of living.

—Home Service

## Nantucket

It lay in the mist or the wind.

Perhaps Karlsefni saw it to starboard  
On the voyage to Hop from Straumfjord.

Fishermen, farmers and theologians  
Settled the swept bay and the crescent bluffs.

And then its attention was filled with whales.  
A blunt, chipped sickle: it reaped the sea.  
Oh that was an astonishing empire!  
All the oceans gave up to its hunters  
Dangerous and profitable monsters.  
Folgers and Husseys, Starbucks and Coffins,  
Branded the salt wrath with their keels and spears.

Melville chose them, the boldest men on earth,  
To be his champions on the demon seas  
Of his heart. Even they succumbed.  
Ahab died. The waters washed  
The ruined survivor to another coast.

The whaling went elsewhere, to techniques and guns.  
And the island lies in its parish, weather and past.

ROBERT CONQUEST



# The Listener

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## Playing One's Part

TO know the way, it has been said, is half the journey. But in an age of scepticism who shall point the way? To a generation that has experienced what a *Führer* can do to his country and the world, the word leadership has lost the glamour it once had: the word has overtones—which is a pity. For leadership in its best and truest sense is what the free world stands very much in need of. The thought here is not of personalities but of the quality itself—the quality that educational establishments, particularly universities, traditionally foster. In his recently published lecture before the University of St. Andrews\* Sir Walter Moberly, treating of leadership, quotes Cardinal Newman's view that the object of a university is to fit men of the world for the world:

A university training (Newman sums up) aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasms and fixed aims to popular aspirations, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power and refining the intercourse of private life.

Such aims, Sir Walter observes, though far harder to achieve today are even more urgent than they used to be.

The function and purpose of university education has often been the subject of debate: eighteen months ago it was discussed in a series of talks published in our columns. Much as opinions may differ, the view supported by Sir Walter Moberly—that education for social responsibility is still a legitimate and necessary task for universities—is not one that can or should be easily dismissed. But if at a time when nearly every belief or assumption is challenged the universities are to educate for leadership, how are they to do it? How are the difficulties to be overcome, and what are the practical steps that must be taken? Sir Walter makes three suggestions: first, that the family life of the university should be specially emphasised, in the sense that students should take full advantage of all the communal activities a university can offer; second, that members of the university community should go out of their way to mix with those whose background, professional interest, opinions and perhaps nationality or race are unlike their own; and third, that the danger of narrowness should be avoided; 'whatever a student's Faculty, it is an impoverishment for him to be so absorbed in his degree work as to exclude everything else. . . . Perhaps the danger would be lessened if it were the practice of everyone to examine the tacit assumptions of his own subject of study'.

These surely are wise words, and if the young are too busy with their own activities to heed them, the older members of a university and those in authority may well find ways of implementing them. There is no question here of compulsion or of bringing pressure to bear where pressure should not be brought on the freest kind of community in the world. But on the values by which we are to live, and on the attitude we are to take towards the questions that divide the world today, we all as men and citizens have a duty to decide. It would indeed be strange if for the equipment that can help us to make up our minds on such questions, for the cultivation of those qualities that make for good citizenship and so for leadership in the realm, if not of action, of ideas, we had as a matter of course to look elsewhere than to our universities.

\* *The Universities and Cultural Leadership*. Oxford. 2s. 6d.

## What They Are Saying

Comments on the break-off of the armistice talks in Korea

THE BREAK-OFF of the negotiations in Kaesong and Teheran was the main subject of comment last week. In a broadcast on August 23, the communist leaders in Korea stated that they had broken off the cease-fire talks because of what they described as a series of provocative incidents by the United Nations. On the following morning, in a broadcast over Peking radio, addressed to General Ridgway, the Communist Commander in Korea declared that the alleged bombing of the Kaesong neutral area was a deliberate attempt to murder the communist delegation to the talks. He added, however:

It is our hope that the armistice negotiations will proceed smoothly and that a just and reasonable agreement, acceptable to both sides, will be reached.

An earlier Chinese transmission alleged that during the talks the American delegates had clearly shown themselves to be 'cunning, deceitful, arrogant and not in the least sincere for peace'. Chinese transmissions also gave publicity to Kim Il Sung's earlier warning that 'if the United States aggressors dare to break up the Kaesong talks, they will not only be annihilated on the ground, but also dealt heavy blows in the air'. A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio claimed that General Ridgway had, at 'the secret order' from the United States War Department, used the Kaesong talks for preparing a new large-scale offensive. It concluded:

At this juncture in particular, when the United States have torpedoed the negotiations in Korea and the British Government have broken off the oil talks in Persia, it is the urgent task of all friends of peace throughout the world to collect further hundreds of millions of signatures to the World Peace Council's peace appeal.

From America, the *New York Times* was quoted for the observation that, from the beginning, the communists had intended that the Kaesong talks should have the appearance of consummating a communist victory:

The west established the fact that we did not intend to surrender. After that, it was up to the communists. They could end the talks if they wished to take the consequences of resuming full-scale fighting, or they could face the fact that their aggression could not win. We must still hope that they have arrived at that realisation. We want peace, but not temporary peace at the risk of greater war and greater aggression.

On the subject of the break-down of the talks in Persia, Teheran radio quoted the Persian paper *ASSR* as warning:

We should take every measure to face the economic pressure which may be imposed on Persia as a result of the break-off. . . . It is the duty of the Government to take emergency measures which will enable Persia to face any threats.

From America, the *New York Times* was quoted as follows:

The issues are so grave that efforts to avoid a catastrophe must be made. If the Iranians really thought the bargaining process was still under way, but did not realise that rock-bottom price had been reached, it should be possible for them to reopen, or agree to reopen, negotiations. . . . Meanwhile, some of the best minds among the greatest powers in the world are going to see what can be done. Premier Moussadeq must try to help and not hinder them.

From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as expressing apprehension about the prospects for peace, and it asked: would the Persian Government now be overthrown by a 'popular' government engineered by the Tudeh Communist Party? It went on:

The attitude of Great Britain and America will have the greatest influence on events. The future of Persia largely depends on financial aid promised by Washington. According to certain rumours, Britain is proposing to appeal to the United Nations. . . . The tendency, which is growing, of carrying all international disputes to the United Nations would be reassuring if this organisation had the means of implementing its decision. Unhappily it has not yet got them.

A typical comment from the communist world came from the Soviet zone of Germany, quoting the *Berliner Zeitung*:

The Persian people has risen against shameless imperialist exploitation. . . . A clear and purposeful popular movement has emerged during the last five months, which demands the nationalisation of the oil industry. The British imperialists are threatening military intervention. The peoples of Asia and the Moslem masses stand by the Persian people.



# Did You Hear That?

## SUSSEX COPPICE

'BY THE GATE that leads from the highroad into my small piece of Sussex coppice, some part of the woodmen's winter work is stacked ready to be carted away', said GEORGE GODWIN, in a Home Service talk. 'There it is, a neat, geometrical pile of yellowish Spanish chestnut palings, twenty-four to each well-wired bundle, all ready for the fence factory.'

'This is the crop of underwood that is cut every ten to fourteen years. It is the yield of chestnuts long since cut down, but still tremendously alive. Load by load the wood has been brought down the rutted woodland way of the coppice by tractor from the cant at the far end where it was cut. The word "cant", by the way, is both noun and verb. As noun it means a parcel of underwood of variable size—say from two to five acres. As verb it is an old form of the verb "to auction". And it is still by annual auction, held in our local inn, that ripe cants are sold.'

'When an unripe tree is felled it does not always die at the roots. There is the stump—in Sussex we use the word "stool"—and every appearance of death. Yet by the spring following the felling side-buds swell upon the stool and long, straight rods thrust skywards. Growth, particularly in the case of Spanish chestnut—sometimes called sweet chestnut—is very fast, so that in ten years or so the underwood, as this growth is called, stands twenty feet or so in height. And it is then ripe for cutting. One would think that after two or three decades, each

these growing oaks, all rivals were held in check by coppicing, that is, by short-period felling.

'In Sussex coppice oak has been grown in this way for centuries in association with Spanish chestnut as the coppice wood. And it is so on my own small coppice, where there are, widely spaced, between 100 and 200 oaks.

'Many of the traditional woodland crafts are losing ground to factory and machine. But in Sussex—and, no doubt, elsewhere—the craftsmen of the woodlands may be found at work. The tools they use have remained unchanged through long centuries, and the men who use them do so as the inheritors of the accumulated craft-wisdom of many generations of tool-using men. Just now there is a steady demand for spale or spile fencing—the familiar chestnut-and-wire kind, and for folding hurdles. Most spale fencing is now factory-made, though the men working for the fencing factory will complete the first stages of the work on the cant



Craftsmen in a Sussex coppice: above, cleaving chestnut pales for fencing; left, making hurdles  
N. Wymer



with a cropping, the hidden roots would give up the struggle, secrete no further sap, and so die. But they do not.

'Coppicing was adopted to secure a regular supply of hard wood for special purposes. For example, oak was needed for the great members of our wooden ships-of-war—for between-decks elbows and shoulders, and so on. Then our forefathers needed much small wood that could be easily made by cleaving into a number of useful articles such as folding hurdles, fencing, gates, scythe sneads, axe hafts and besoms. How was it to be done? The simple answer was: by coppicing, that is by felling young trees in order to stimulate the growth of rods. But that is not all, of course. Now, among the mosses, flowers, shrubs and trees of the woodlands there rages a silent battle that never ceases. It is the battle for light. Given light upon all sides, vegetation tends to spread rather than to grow upwards. Therefore, to secure short-boled oaks with stout, widely-spreading limbs, suitable for ship-building, the trees were grown thinly—about twelve to the acre. To secure light for

where they are cutting. Spanish chestnut is a wood of many virtues. It splits very easily and conveniently straight. It is resistant to weather and water to a degree surpassed, if at all, only by teak. When the under-water foundations of Old London Bridge were brought to the surface it was found that the chestnut had outlasted the oak'.

## THE SILENT HARBOUR

A proposal has been made to repair the dockyard at English Harbour, Antigua, in the West Indies, and keep it as one of the show places of the British Empire—a link with the days when sailors carried cutlasses and dealt in terms of wind and sail. A. W. ACWORTH, the historian, spoke about this silent dockyard in 'The Eye-witness'. 'Most of its buildings are decayed', he said. 'Timbers have rotted or been eaten away; the roofs look patchy with many of their tiles missing—torn away by the hurricanes which sweep across the West Indies. There has been another hurricane since I was there and no doubt more damage has been done. Yet a century or so ago, English Harbour was a key point in naval operations in the West Atlantic, with a constant stream of sailors coming and going—men who wore scarlet waistcoats, blue jackets, a check shirt, with a silk scarf at the neck, and striped trousers, "long in the legs and taut at the hips and the ankles". Today the dockyard is dilapidated and silent, with the engineering shops and other dockyard buildings slumbering against the tropical background. Yet the scenery reminds you of England except for sugar plantations and an occasional group of palms. At its southern end is a land-locked bay. This is English Harbour. When I saw it I was standing outside Clarence House, the summer residence of the Governor. There, just below me, was the dockyard; to the left, the wooded headland, which conceals the harbour's entrance.

'It is easy to see why this dockyard was in its heyday of such importance. For naval operations in the West Indies it provided just the base that was needed—a land-locked deep-water harbour, cunningly concealed from observation by ships out on the open sea, and yet large enough to take a whole fleet, and strategically placed in relation to the



French strongholds of Martinique and Guadeloupe. In 1725 a small naval refitting station was constructed at the northern end of the harbour; then in 1746 a certain Captain Delgarno, R.N., laid out the five acres of flat ground below the hills to the westward as the dockyard we see today. And here it was that, in 1786, Nelson at the age of twenty-seven was titular Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

### TORQUILSTONE CASTLE COMES TO LIFE

At Elstree there has been built, for the filming of Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, a replica of one of the most famous castles in literature.

BERNARD FORBES, B.B.C. reporter, said in 'The Eye-witness': 'You first catch a glimpse of the castle through the fine old oak trees which are a permanent feature of the landscape. There it is, outlined against the skyline, rising high above the rocks on which it is supposed to be built, and the moat which closely hugs its more vulnerable approaches, and the nearer you get to it the more realistic the scene becomes. You can see the Norman defenders of the castle in their leather jerkins and coats of mail moving about the ramparts, the dead Saxons and Normans stretched out around the moat below, with goose-feathered arrows embedded in their sprawling bodies or in the heavy oak doors of the barbican, the castle's outer line of defence.'

'Eight centuries ago, it would have taken years to build a castle like this—depending on the wealth of the feudal lord who would live in it, and the number of retainers he could spare from the wars. But this one did not take more than three months to put together, and the small but hard-working team of stone-masons, plasterers, carpenters, painters, moat-diggers and planners, have made a fine job of it, and in size and shape it must closely follow the outlines of the castle Sir Walter Scott had in mind when he wrote the story. Torquilstone Castle is the name Scott gave his Norman castle in *Ivanhoe*, and it is believed to have existed, at least in his imagination, somewhere near Sheffield.'

'In between shots—camera shots that is—and the arrows shot from scores of bows and crossbows when fighting was in progress, I crossed the moat by the drawbridge, and climbed the ramparts on to the keep. And up there I began to wonder whether the time machine hadn't been invented after all and here we were back in the twelfth century when knights were bold and crusades were still the order of the day. Strange bearded men walked the ramparts, some with curls falling round their shoulders, clad in leather jerkins and coats of mail, with swords or halberds in their hands and crossbows at the ready. A knight on horseback trotted past the castle, his visor drawn and his horse draped in a long black shroud. He was heading for the jousting arena, and scorned the fair-haired Saxons in rough peasant garb lying in the ditches from where they would attack the castle for the hundredth time. And the jousting lists, where chain-mailed knights galloped madly towards their opponents with long lances and shields, brought the whole of the surrounding countryside under the spell of the Middle Ages.'

'Marquees and tents of strange, unusual shapes and sizes formed a series of pavilions for the Norman lords and nobles who watched the prowess of the knights who fought below. The more important Saxons, who were getting a little out of hand in that period of history, filled the remote and less pretentious tent pavilion over to one side. Scene were also being shot here, and the costumes of the nobles and

their ladies, the red and gold, mauve and yellow tents and pennants and the glittering knights on their shrouded horses were a feast of colour for the eye and for the cameras'.

### AN ARTIST AT NINETY

'Grandma Moses is one of the most extraordinary people in the world', said CHARLES MOSES, speaking in a talk in the Home Service. Mr. Moses saw her recently on a visit to America from Australia. He continued: 'First, she is accepted as being the greatest primitive artist in the United States; second, she is in her ninety-first year; and third, she never painted a stroke until she was seventy-six. I should add that she is still painting actively; her pictures usually sell at \$1,500 to \$2,000 each; last year she had a very successful exhibition which made a fine impression in Switzerland, Austria, France, Germany and Holland, and last year, too, she was invited to the White House to meet the President.'

'When I got to her house, I met the other members of the family and was chatting to them whilst I waited for Grandma to appear. There was her daughter-in-law, who is a widow, her granddaughter, her grandson and his wife and three great-grandchildren. She discussed television and Australia; but I wanted to talk about her. Was it really true that she had never painted anything before she was seventy-six? Yes, it was. She explained that prior to her seventieth birthday she was an expert needlewoman and used to exhibit her handiwork at local shows. But then she got arthritis and her fingers became painful, swollen and stiff. So she took up what she called "making pictures with yarn"—a sort of tapestry work. Even this became difficult for her and then, nearly fifteen years ago, a younger sister suggested that she should try painting the pictures. That was the beginning of this new exciting career. Her first paintings were copies of pictures she had in the house; but she was too

energetic, and too full of the desire to do something of her own, to stay copying pictures. She painted local scenes and especially gay scenes she remembered from her childhood. She now exhibited her pictures in the agricultural shows where she used to show her needlework. It was at one of these—four years after she first took up painting—that an artist chanced to see her work. He was enthralled by the vitality, imagination and freshness of her painting. He found who she was and where she lived and what she wanted for the pictures. She said \$5 each but said in the same breath that they were not worth it. Had she any more, she was asked. Yes, she had sixteen in all; if he wanted them he could have them. She would sort them out. However, she had made a mistake; there were only fifteen. But one of them was longer than the rest, so she cut it into two parts—and there were sixteen for him after all! She told me, with amusement, that the buyer only heard about this some years later, and was very upset about it.'

'Those first pictures were exhibited at the Galerie St. Etienne, West 57th Street, New York City, in the summer of 1940 and caused quite a sensation. Since then she has become a national figure. Grandma told me she thought the reason why she had succeeded as a painter was because she always tried to improve—yes, even at nearly ninety-one. She has always tried to beat others at whatever she undertakes. As a child she used to play with her brothers and always tried to outdo them at their games, whether at climbing trees or running or jumping. And she often succeeded'.



Battlements of Torquilstone Castle, built at Elstree by M.G.M. for the filming of *Ivanhoe*



# John Richardson of the Nicobars

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

IN the year 1896 the first Government Agent, an Indian catechist and schoolmaster called Solomon, came to the Nicobar Islands, a group of islands in the Indian Ocean, inhabited by primitive Malaysians. He asked the headman of one of the villages to give him twelve small boys to teach. This the headman, who, like all the rest of the Nicobarese at that date, was an Animist, agreed to do, and among the twelve boys was his own little son. Solomon baptised the boys and gave to all of them the name of John—John Robinson, John Hopkins, John Bull, and finally to the son of the headman—John Richardson. The custom of taking English names is general in the Nicobars and seems to have started as a ruse for baffling the evil spirits who could hurt only those whose real names they knew.

Ten years later when Richardson was fourteen he was sent to school with the Winchester Brotherhood in Mandalay, a sturdy boy who played football well and escaped the beri-beri that attacked the other Nicobarese boys for lack of the fresh coconuts which at home were such an important part of their diet. Indeed, today John Richardson is the only one left of those twelve Johns taught by that first Government Agent.

John Richardson went back to Car Nicobar where he was confirmed by Bishop Montgomery, the father of the Field-Marshal, who was visiting the island as Secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. Some years later his vocation for the priesthood was recognised by the Bishop of Rangoon, Bishop Tubbs, now Dean of Chester, who ordained him in the Anglican Cathedral of Rangoon.

The first and only Nicobarese priest returned to Car Nicobar and set to work to build the first church in the island at Mus, which was consecrated by Bishop West of Rangoon in 1936. I have been privileged to visit that church thatched with grass which stands on a narrow promontory at the north-east point of the island, to west of it a bay that is one's dream of a tropical bay where the palms lean over to the white sand and the shells of one's childish wonder are strewn. East of it is the long straight coast of Car Nicobar, and from east to west the perpetual booming of the Indian Ocean. When I saw it the east window, smashed by the Japanese, had not been mended, and other damage had been done, but that church seemed to me to hold a richer peace than any building I had ever entered. In the small side-chapel I saw a pomelo, which is a large fruit between a grapefruit and an orange in flavour but much less juicy than either. I asked why the pomelo was accorded so conspicuous a place, and was told this story. A young Indian sailor came ashore at the time of the Japanese surrender, and cheated a Nicobarese by paying him for two pomelos the price of one. On returning to the ship this sailor was seized with a kind of paralysis. His conscience tormenting him, he sent back the second pomelo with a request that it might be put in the church and prayers be offered for his recovery. He was immediately cured, and the pomelo is preserved in the side-chapel as a reminder that honesty is the best policy.

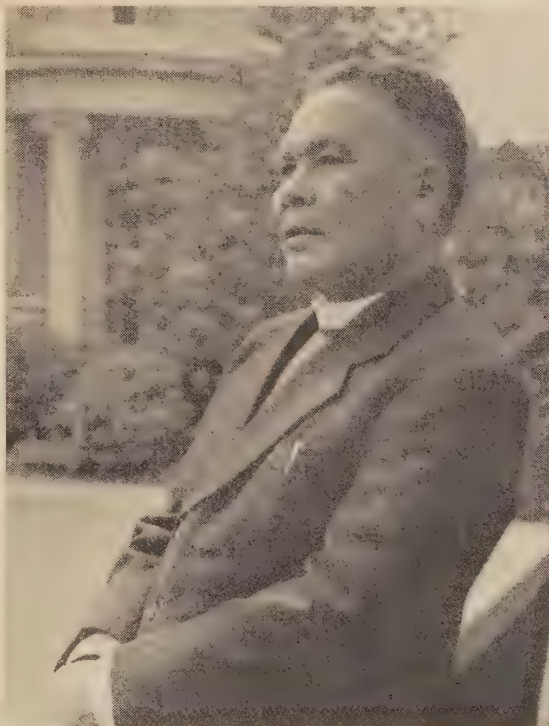
Six years after the church at Mus was consecrated and when after a continuous struggle with the influence of the witch-doctors and sorcerers about an eighth of the population had been baptised, the

Japanese came to Car Nicobar and for three years the islanders suffered grievously. Seven thousand troops were quartered on the islands, bringing dirt and disease, and though they behaved fairly well at first, after we began to bomb the air-strips they had made, their terror under this form of attack led them into much barbarity because they were convinced that the Nicobarese were signalling to our aeroplanes. I will not shock you with any details of the revolting cruelty of the Japanese to people as lovable as any in the world: 104 Nicobarese were tortured to death, and the Christians suffered most because the enemy supposed that they were most likely to do what they could to help the British. Naturally John Richardson was singled out for special persecution and after every raid he was imprisoned. One of his sons was killed. Another son had been killed in the first Japanese air-raid on Rangoon in December 1941. Then his first wife died, and many of his friends were tortured to death. Finally, there came a day when he and five of his helpers were condemned to be beaten and then burned to death next morning. The night was spent in prayer, and in the morning they were sent for by Headquarters. When they arrived the Japanese General told them that they were to be released because the war was over, thanks to the noble desire of their Emperor for peace.

It was eighteen months after that morning when I stepped on to the jetty of the little village of Malacca and met John Richardson for the first time and was presented by him to the headmen of the various villages on the island. I can see him now in his white cassock—a stocky man with an air of serene authority, bright humorous eyes, and combining in a way I cannot hope to convey in words a spiritual detachment with an intensely practical grip of the immediate business on hand, whether it was to settle what road the jeep would take or to arrange the details for a proposed football match between the islanders and the crew of the Indian sloop which had brought us to the remote Nicobars.

I have spoken of the church at Mus. Close by is the school—the most delicious school I have ever visited—the headmaster of which, Mr. Ezekiel Joel, has since been ordained. Here I met Mrs. Richardson, whose influence over the women of the island was already apparent. That evening after a football match we saw a dance by ninety-six girls round a bonfire of coconut husks—a great horseshoe of slim forms in sarongs and white bodices stamping and shuffling upon the ground between a series of chants and moving round very slowly in a pattern that changed after each chant. By the flicker of the bonfire and the light of a half moon I could see Mr. Richardson's face as he watched with pride these dancers, and I thought how safe old customs would be in his keeping.

Next day when we visited the small island of Chowra about fifty miles south of Car Nicobar I decided that some old customs would be better abolished. Here, in contrast with Car Nicobar, were dirt and foul disease, gaunt dogs and rats and refuse, with devilish figures of black and red set up to scare away other devils. The women were dressed in squalid rags: the men wore practically nothing except a long red string behind to represent the tail of the dog from whose union



The Rt. Rev. John Richardson, Bishop of the Nicobar Islands, photographed in England a fortnight ago



with a woman after the flood they believe themselves to be sprung. Never until I landed on that dark island had I felt evil like a physical impact. Three years after I visited Chowra Mrs. West, the wife of the Bishop of Rangoon, landed there in the course of a cruise to all the Nicobars with the Indian Chief Commissioner of the Andamans and his staff, and she went away with a feeling of hope. There was already a great improvement in conditions, and Bishop Richardson, as he had now become, had been asked to send a schoolteacher to Chowra: one of his Car Nicobar boys was now being trained for the position.

In 1947 the islands were handed over to India and in this year John Richardson was made an Honorary Canon of Rangoon Cathedral; in January 1950 in the Anglican Cathedral of St. Paul in Calcutta he was consecrated Bishop. And now there lies before Bishop Richardson the task of converting all the other islands and spreading that personal influence which makes such a profound impression on all who visit Car Nicobar. There is an R.A.F. radar station on the island now and the members of the R.A.F. are as enthusiastic as everybody else about him and the people of Car Nicobar.

This man, who must be the manner of man that St. Columba or St. Patrick was, has a tremendous task before him, but if he is given the means of communication I know he will convert every one of the twelve islands that make up the Nicobar group; he will even convert Great Nicobar itself, a large island covered with dense forests rising to 2,000 feet, its interior populated by aboriginal tribes and vast hordes of monkeys, its river full of crocodiles, an island of mystery of which almost nothing is known. What French Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth century, what Moravian missionaries in the eighteenth century, failed—not by their own fault—to accomplish, this man will accomplish. Seven churches have now been built where there was one. On Easter Sunday in 1950 the last witch-doctor on Car Nicobar was baptised and an island a quarter of whose population was Christian when I was there in 1947 is now almost completely Christian. More-

over, Bishop Richardson demands a thorough preparation from everybody who seeks baptism. This is what Mrs. West writes: 'To go to Car Nicobar is really like going into another world, a world of childlike faith, without false divisions between sacred and secular, and therefore a world more in line with the medieval way of thinking'.

Bishop Richardson helped George Whitehead, the S.P.G. missionary, to compile his dictionary and grammar of Nicobarese and to translate the Gospels and the Acts, and today, with the Reverend Ezekiel Joel, he has translated the Epistles. He is now at work translating the Old Testament, beginning with Genesis and Isaiah. Besides his intense interest in football and his ability to handle the paddle of a canoe in surf with anybody, is his continuous practical work for the well-being of his people. The Indian Administration finds in him a loyal and devoted organiser and he is grateful for their sympathetic attitude to his work. His hospitality is profuse, and he has twenty people living in his small house.

I hope I have been able to suggest to you that the mission of John Richardson does not in the least resemble the ordinary mission which, whatever may be its merits, is almost always essentially conventional; there is no room today for a conventional Christian mission in this mighty resurgence of Asia we are witnessing. Do not think me extravagant if I say that Car Nicobar deserves to be called another Iona. I have experienced in that green speck upon the vast Indian Ocean the certain assurance of the presence of the Holy Spirit, and I am prone neither to easy emotionalism nor to picturesque sentimentality. Few, if any, of you will ever see that little island of Car Nicobar, but from it Bishop John Richardson, at this moment in England, brings tidings of peace to men of goodwill, and he himself is a living proof that nothing is impossible to faith and hope and love. Nevertheless, I do wish you could hear the children singing in that school at Mus above the hollow booming of the surf: you would feel you had been very close to Almighty God.—*Home Service*

## Growth of the Japanese Theatre

By JOHN MORRIS

THE development of the theatre in Japan is very much the same as that of the drama in England; and in considering an actual performance, as we shall be doing later on\*, it is not necessary to make the sort of mental adjustment that is required when one visits, for instance, a Chinese or other Far Eastern theatre. What I mean is there is no throwing about of hot towels by attendants on the stage, no tea-drinking or spitting out of lotus-seeds by the actors, in fact none of the Chinoiserie, either real or bogus, that, by its very strangeness, was perhaps one of the main attractions of the ever-popular 'Lady Precious Stream', which many of you will have seen.

In Tokyo today there are a number of theatres in which you can see—in translation, of course—almost every kind of occidental dramatic performance, from Ibsen to strip-tease, both, I may say, extremely popular, but it is the Kabuki, the traditional Japanese drama, with which I shall be mainly concerned. This takes place in a theatre only differing from our own in the added facilities it provides. In the newly rebuilt Kabuki theatre in Tokyo there are, for instance, four or five restaurants in which you can obtain, according to choice, a perfectly cooked and served French dinner, complete with wine, or a supper of cold raw fish and seaweed, washed down with *sake*, that amber spirit which you drink hot; very comforting on a chill December night. And there are shops, at least a dozen of them, where, should you be absent-minded and have come out without wearing a tie, you can make good the deficiency; or you can buy that joint of beef that in your haste you forgot to order from the butcher. All this may shock the serious and high-minded playgoer, but I have often thought it is something we ourselves might usefully copy. How sensible and what a saving of time if, during the *longueurs* of 'Parsifal', for instance, when we tire of listening to the aged Gurnemanz singing, so to speak, the minutes of the last meeting, we could slip quietly down to the foyer of Covent Garden and order a new suit or pick up last week's butter ration! But I must stop being frivolous.

The point I wanted to make was that there is nothing that a western audience would find particularly strange about the Kabuki except the language, and even that, since the Kabuki is largely a visual entertainment, is no real hindrance to its enjoyment. It calls for little more effort than is necessary when we go to see a play in French or German; in some ways even less, because while most of us pretend to at least some slight knowledge of these latter languages, it is no disgrace to be ignorant of Japanese. And the excellent synopses—printed in English even before the war—with which patrons of the Kabuki are provided make it perfectly easy to follow the action of the play.

This is how the Kabuki theatre developed. The word Kabuki, by the way, means simply 'the art of song and dance'. At the beginning of the fifteenth century some of the more cultivated Buddhist priests, encouraged by the aristocracy, began to take a special interest in developing the religious dances, accompanied by a chorus, which were beginning to have an important influence in the life of the people. Special buildings—half temple, half open-air theatre—were erected in the courtyards of some of the bigger shrines, and it was in this way that the peculiar type of performance known as Noh, a word which is generally translated as 'accomplishment', came into being. The chorus, characteristic of the older type of performance, was retained, but an addition was made in the shape of two persons who recited some of the more dramatic portions of the verse in order to enhance their effect. The history of the Noh is similar to the development of the drama in England; our own morality plays, for instance, came into being in much the same way. But there is one great difference: whereas the English morality play was intended for the masses, the Noh was a strictly aristocratic entertainment. It made no appeal to the uneducated, who could not even understand its language, and for this reason it survives to this day in approximately its original form.

I think I am right in saying that there are not any professional

\* This is the first of two talks on the Japanese theatre by John Morris



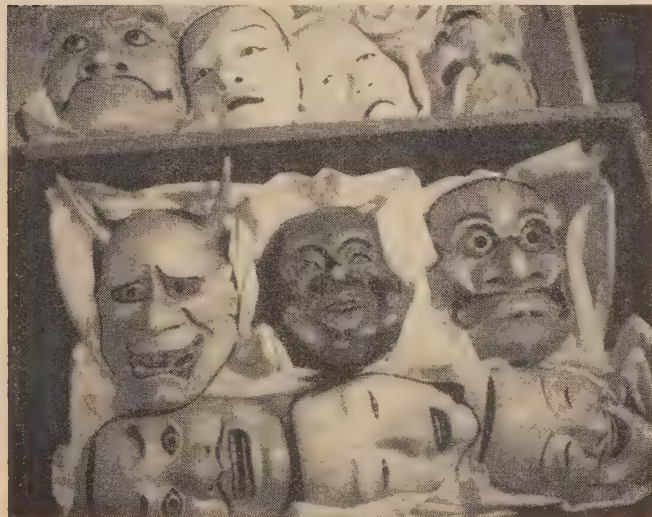
Noh actors in the strict sense of the term, by which I mean that most of the players are supported by wealthy patrons, or earn their living in other ways. The performances are still given by families who have handed down the art from father to son for more than four hundred years. These family groups interpret the plays in slightly different ways, and so we find the existence of six main 'schools'. One or two of the original open-air Noh stages are still in existence in Kyoto, the ancient Japanese capital, but even in Tokyo, where there are a number of Noh theatres, the strict form of the early buildings has been retained. The plays are performed on a highly-polished wooden stage of regular size, built above ground, eighteen feet square. The stage is open on three sides, and it has a narrow extension on one side for the chorus, and another at the back for the musicians. To the rear extension a passage, known as the 'flower bridge', is attached. It is along this bridge that the players make their entry on to the stage. There is neither drop curtain nor scenery, but a representation of a single pine tree is painted on the wooden panelling at the rear of the stage.

The auditorium is arranged something like the interior of a Japanese house. That is to say there are no seats, but the floor is covered by the usual soft matting, on which the spectators squat. Most of the



The Noh Stage, with the 'flower bridge', along which players make their entry, on the left

By courtesy of Dr. Marie Stopes



Collection of Noh masks. Below, right, the Kabuki theatre, Tokyo

audience, for their own comfort, wear Japanese dress. At the present day the Noh, even more than in the past, is a highly esoteric entertainment, making no appeal to the ordinary playgoer, and it is attended by people who come primarily not to be amused but to be instructed. Most of them follow the performance text in hand, for the language, although exceedingly beautiful, is archaic and difficult to comprehend, especially when chanted. It differs from modern Japanese to about the same extent that, say, 'Piers Plowman' differs from the English of the present day.

I must admit that I found it a great strain to squat, so to speak, through a Noh performance, for the actors, once they have arrived on the stage—and it takes them quite a time to get there—seldom move from one position. It does not help much to have been given a *résumé* of the play, because in most of them there is little plot and no action, the whole charm lying in the beauty of the language. So unless one is a real amateur of the Noh the performance does undoubtedly cause a feeling of

boredom. Some years before the war when Mr. Bernard Shaw visited Japan, he was naturally taken to see a Noh play, for this is considered the highest form of Japanese artistic achievement, and I am sorry to say that he has never been forgiven for falling asleep. I never went quite as far as this, but I came very near to it.

A typical Noh performance occupies the greater part of a day and consists of a number of different plays each lasting about one hour. But there is a limit to what an audience of even the most exalted brows will stand, and it was because of this that the custom arose of putting comedies and classical dances between the more gloomy of the Noh plays. At one time these comic interludes, the humour of which is often broad, were performed in ordinary colloquial language, and it was in this way that the Kabuki, or popular drama, came into existence. The language of the Kabuki is fairly well understood by the majority of present-day audiences, although it differs from ordinary contemporary speech in much the same way that the more obscure parts of Shakespeare differ from modern English.

The Kabuki itself came into existence early in the seventeenth century, at about the same time as the *ukiyo-e*, or genre wood-block print. In fact *ukiyo-e* artists have always sought inspiration in the theatre and some of the best known prints are portraits of Kabuki actors, and this connection between the two arts is still carried on.

The appeal of the Kabuki is to the ordinary theatre-goer, and the plays fall into two well-marked groups. There are historical dramas, in





which much emphasis is laid upon loyalty, and comic pieces, generally of a somewhat erotic nature. The scene of the latter is often laid in the Yoshiwara, the world-famous brothel quarter of Tokyo, which, as a gesture to democracy, has now been abolished. With regard to the historical dramas, there are eighteen in the repertoire which are generally regarded as classics; that is to say they are thought of in much the same sort of way that we regard the so-called 'great' tragedies of Shakespeare. A Kabuki programme generally contains three or four plays of different types, and before the war the performance used to begin at four o'clock in the afternoon and last for six or seven hours. Now, in order to cope with the ever-rising cost of production and the demand for seats, there are two performances daily, one at eleven o'clock in the morning, the other beginning at four. Two completely different programmes are presented: actors who play the leading roles at the morning performances take minor ones in the afternoon, and vice-versa.

### Hereditary Profession

The profession of Kabuki actor is in most cases hereditary. Sons of actors succeed their fathers in the profession, and those without sons usually adopt the child of some other actor, giving him their own stage name. It is rather odd that Japan has never had what we understand by a school for training in drama. What actually happens is that the leading actors themselves take pupils, and while these are mostly relatives of one sort or another, it is possible for a talented boy outside the family circle to be taken into the profession. Although the profession is hereditary, even the son of a famous actor must rise to the top by his own unaided efforts before he can inherit his deceased father's name. He may be a middle-aged man before this happens. Whether he does so or not depends upon the reactions of both his fellow-players and the audience. There is no actual test; only a sort of unspoken feeling that the actor in question has made the grade. No one would dare to use a famous stage-name without being quite sure of public approval, for the audience would hiss him off the stage. When an actor fails to reach the necessary standard, the name which he might otherwise have been entitled to use is generally awarded to some outstanding performer quite outside his own family, and it is because of this that some of the most famous contemporary Kabuki actors are not in fact the actual descendants of the distinguished players whose names they now use.

As was the case in our own Elizabethan theatre, there are no actresses in the Kabuki, and the actors who specialise in the impersonation of women devote years of study to femininity; indeed they often become more consistently feminine than women themselves. Because of this the Kabuki theatre is much patronised by Geisha, who come to see the performances not so much for amusement as to learn correct feminine deportment. Some of the best-known actors play only female parts, but a really great artist, such as the late Kikugoro, who was the sixth to take that name, is as skilful in male parts as in female.

As I said before, the Kabuki is largely a visual entertainment. Some, but not all, of the dialogue is chanted and an orchestra with vocalists, seated to one side of the stage, plays very much the same part as that of the chorus in classical Greek drama, that is to say, by aiding the action with explanations.

### 'A Gradually Unfolded Scroll Painting'

The newly built Kabuki theatre in Tokyo is, so far as its design is concerned, an exact replica of its several predecessors, although naturally every modern stage device has been incorporated. The stage is very wide—I should say about half as wide again as Covent Garden—shallow and not very high, so that the stage picture, instead of being more or less square, as in our own theatres, is oblong. Since on a very wide and shallow stage most of the action must take place, not in depth, but from one side of the stage towards the other, the visual effect is similar to that of looking at a gradually unfolded scroll painting, and this effect is heightened by the fact that the curtain does not rise but is drawn back to one side. Visually the effect is very satisfying, but there are disadvantages in that the low proscenium arch makes the provision of more than one spectators' balcony impracticable.

The depth of the stage is limited by the use of a revolving stage, which is in fact a Japanese invention, the first one having been installed in 1760. Another special device is the 'flower bridge'. This has been taken over from the Noh, but in the Kabuki Theatre its position has been changed. It is on the left-hand side, and runs from the back of the theatre to the stage, at the level of the spectators' heads. It is much

used for spectacular entrances and exits, and occasionally when an actor wishes to emphasise an aside. The device of the 'flower bridge' was, I imagine, the origin of the so-called 'gang-plank', at one time a popular feature of the American revue-stage. The scenery and costumes are extremely elaborate and nothing is left to the imagination. Unlike the Noh, the actors do not wear masks, but in the classical plays they are heavily made up in a conventional style appropriate to the character represented. This make-up, by the way, is so thick that it almost amounts to a mask except that it is actually built up on the face. It looks a bit artificial but one of its advantages is that by its use very old actors can still impersonate very young girls, and frequently do so. The music and sound effects are provided by a small band of instrumentalists who generally, but not always, sit behind a lattice at the side of the stage and are thus unseen by the audience.

Despite the extreme realism of the stage setting and general décor there are a number of conventions which at first strike the western visitor as somewhat incongruous. For instance, the actors frequently change their costumes while on the stage. When they do this they are assisted by their dressers, who wear black clothing as an indication that they are taking no part in the play, and should therefore be disregarded by the audience. They are a survival from the time before the introduction of modern lighting, when the actor had a so-called 'shadow' who crouched behind him with a lantern on the end of a bamboo stick in order to light his features. Similarly, properties are brought on to the stage while a scene is actually in progress and taken away again when they are no longer required. I imagine the custom on the Elizabethan stage to have been very much the same. Anyhow, one quickly accepts the convention and it is not in any way distracting.

Before the war I used to hear it said that the Kabuki was a dying art, although the theatre was packed at every performance. I think what my informants really meant was that it was ceasing to appeal to the younger generations, on whom, in any country, the theatre must depend if it is to survive. Certainly it was with a younger audience in mind that the B.B.C. production of 'The Tale of Genji' was planned, and in my second talk I will deal with the actual performance of this play and explain the various innovations that have been made.

—Third Programme

## The Charm

There was a drug that Helen knew;  
Dropped in the wine-cup it could take  
All memory and all grief away.  
And while the drinker, wide awake,  
Sat in his chair, indifference grew  
Around him in the estranging day.  
He saw the colours shine and flow,  
The giant lineaments break and change,  
But all storyless, all strange.  
The crystal spheres on Helen's brow  
Took and gave back the coloured world,  
Yet merely seemed to smile or glare  
At nothing but the empty air.  
The serving women crossed the floor,  
Swept by a silent tempest, whirled  
Into the light and through the door.  
This he saw and nothing more,  
While all the charities, unborn,  
Slept soundly in his burdened breast  
As he took his heavy rest,  
Heedless, thoughtless and forlorn.

So strong the enchantment, Homer says,  
That if this man's own son had died,  
Killed at his feet, his dreaming gaze  
(Like a false-hearted summer day  
Watching the hunter and his prey  
At ease) would not have changed at all,  
Nor his heart knocked against his side.  
But far within him something cried  
For the great tragedy to start,  
The pang in lingering mercy fall,  
And sorrow break upon his heart.

EDWIN MUIR



# Saints of the Cocktail Bar?

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

I CAN assume, I hope, that most of you will have seen or at least have read Mr. Eliot's 'The Cocktail Party', and that therefore I can take for granted acquaintance with its plot. The play has seven characters who matter—not counting, that is, the Caterer's Men and noises off. Of these, three—Julia, Alex and Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly—are Guardians, people who arrange other people's lives and see to it that they make the best that they can out of it. The four others are the people whose lives are arranged—Edward and Lavinia Chamberlayne, Celia Coplestone and Peter Quilpe.

## The Dramatist's Privilege

It is not my purpose now to discuss the technical construction of the play, nor to cross swords—a thing which I would most gladly do at any other time and on any subject—with my parliamentary colleague, Beverley Baxter, on the issue whether 'The Cocktail Party' should be in verse. If Beverley Baxter can tell me why anything should be in verse, then I will let him tell me why 'The Cocktail Party' should not be. But I doubt if he could. I do not think anybody in England has really understood what ought to be in verse and what ought to be in prose since Dryden died.

Anyway, it is my purpose here to try to see what is the fundamental lesson which Mr. Eliot is trying to teach. For he is above all things trying to teach a lesson. Mr. Eliot is a man who never allows words to run away with him, as they often do with Christopher Fry and Shakespeare and other dramatists. We must first be clear that we only have a right to concern ourselves with the question which Mr. Eliot asks. It is a dramatist's privilege to choose which of the questions that would in real life arise out of the situation that he puts upon the stage he will ask and which he will pass by. Supposing that your uncle murders your father. It is doubtless your duty to do something about it, but it is a question whether you make things any better by murdering your uncle in his turn. And Shakespeare—or, at any rate, Ibsen or Bernard Shaw—doubtless could have written a very good play by asking that question. But Shakespeare did not choose to write that play. He allowed Hamlet to take it unquestioningly for granted that he had a duty to murder his uncle and to write the play about the consequences that flowed from that assumption.

So one might ask concerning Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly and his two fellow-Guardians, 'Who are these people? Were they not, too, born in original sin? Have they not their arrogances and their weaknesses? Does their conduct not also affect their characters? Are there not beams in their eyes that they must spend their lives removing the motes from their fellows' eyes? By what right do they send Celia Coplestone to her martyrdom while they sit comfortably at home at their parties? Who appointed them to rearrange the lives of others?' One might well ask such questions if one came across people like these Guardians in real life, but it would be a waste of time to ask them as a criticism of Mr. Eliot's play—simply because they are questions which Mr. Eliot does not choose to ask. They are questions therefore that do not exist. For all that, there is a certain amount of comic relief about Alex in the kitchen and Sir Henry in the consulting-room, gin and water, and Julia with her lost umbrella and her spectacles; these people are not really human beings. It is idle to like them or to dislike them, to approve of them, or to disapprove of them. They are merely personifications of Destiny—the Moving Finger, having writ, dressed up in two pairs of trousers and a skirt.

## Two Ways of Destiny

Our concern is with the four real human beings—the Chamberlaynes, Celia Coplestone and Peter Quilpe. The play starts with a criss-cross of tangled affections—the Chamberlaynes at odds with one another, Edward Chamberlayne in love with Celia, Lavinia Chamberlayne in love with Peter, Peter in love with Celia. It ends with the Chamberlaynes still giving cocktail parties, though by now a good deal more decent to one another than they were at the beginning and with a certain incipience of understanding, Celia a heroic and saintly martyr among

the barbarous Kinkanja, and Peter a successful Hollywood writer, who understands at last that the cinema is his metier.

'... That young man  
Is very intelligent. He should go far  
Along his own lines'

says Sir Henry.

There are, as Sir Henry explains in the second act, two ways of destiny. There is the high road—the road of the saints. No one can be compelled to this road, but, if the soul chooses, then it goes to the sanatorium, and thence alone to the heroic tasks to which it may be called. Those who are only capable of the low road, or who do not dare to choose better than it, must make the best of the pedestrian tasks which they meet in the ordinary world—the world of the Cocktail Party, as it was in the case of the Chamberlaynes. This, too, 'the trivial round, the common task', says Sir Henry, is 'a good life'.

'Both ways avoid the final desolation  
Of solitude in the phantasmal world  
Of imagination, shuffling memories and desires'.

But those who choose the lower way are only making 'the best of a bad job' which 'is all any of us make of it—except of course the saints'. 'Hell', as both Edward Chamberlayne and Celia Coplestone have discovered, 'hell is alone'—the solitude of the soul which by its falseness has shut itself off from all companionship. The saint can break down that barrier and, abandoning all else, come directly to the love of God. The ordinary soul can do as it can do by at least establishing honest relationships with others, respecting their real existence and not merely using them as the whipping-boy for its own shortcomings. 'I must find out who she is, to find out who I am', cries Edward Chamberlayne of his wife in his desolation. He has to some extent found out by the end.

## Underwriting of Pagan Morals

There are, I think, two obvious questions which we must want to ask of all this. First, does it make sense except on Christian presuppositions? And, second, is the interpretation of Christianity correct? As to the first question, Mr. Eliot has already, on the stage in 'Murder in the Cathedral' and on numerous other occasions, thrown down the explicitly Christian challenge to the world. Why does he not call Sir Henry the spiritual director, which he is, instead of pretending that he is a doctor, which he is not? Why does he not tell us frankly whither the roads are leading? Are we destined to enjoy beatitude as the reward? We are told nothing of the future life, save in the verses about Zoroaster, where we learn that our two selves, that which walks the earth and that which inhabits underneath the grave, will unite after death—which as an ethical motive does not by itself get us very much further. I presume that the answer to this conundrum is that Mr. Eliot, like a long line of Christian thinkers from Thomas More onwards, is anxious to see how far towards a Christian understanding man can come without invoking specifically Christian authority. And this indeed is a valuable task, for what Christianity does is not to contradict the best of pagan morals but to underwrite them, to give to the pagan who says 'This is how things seem to be' the assurance of revelation, 'Yes, indeed, this is how things are'. If the play had been a specifically Christian play played out in a specifically Christian atmosphere, we could not have had the character of Celia Coplestone in the form in which we do have it, the play's especial triumph. The whole point of Celia was that she had been brought up in a modernistic, agnostic, 'pretty conventional' home—always 'taught to disbelieve in sin'. She discovers sin not through any external teaching, but through personal experience. She feels, like Zoroaster, who meets his own image walking in the garden, that there are two personalities, what she now is and what she was meant to be, and that in her days of sin the two are radically different, the actual one unreal and the real one unactual. And it is from the sense of sin that she derives her belief in the ideal. How can there be a wrong love if there be not also a right love?



'I shall be left with the inconsolable memory  
Of the treasure I went into the forest to find  
And never found, and which was not there  
And perhaps is not anywhere? But, if not anywhere,  
Why do I feel guilty at not having found it?'

she asks, and there is no answer except either that the universe is a cheat or that it holds consolations beyond itself. But it is important to show that without invoking revelation.

It is a curiosity of the modern world that, while the social surveys and the Gallup polls all tell us—and doubtless truly—of catastrophic decline in church-going, of appalling ignorance among schoolchildren of the elements of religion, all serious thinking and all serious conversation concerns itself with religion to an extent far greater than has been known for three hundred years. I do not mean that it is pious conversation or sectarian conversation, but it is concerned with considerations of the ultimate mysteries. 'All differences of opinion are', as Cardinal Manning said, 'at bottom theological'. And Mr. Eliot's characters are certainly no exception to this rule. His play is a profoundly religious play. But whether he has got his religion right is another question, and one of the most difficult questions in the world. It is difficult to write a wholly satisfactory criticism of 'The Cocktail Party' because we shall not know whether he has got it right or not until the Day of Judgment.

### Arbitrary Inequality of Talent and Reward

Christianity, we are often told, teaches that all souls are equal in the sight of God, but unfortunately it never tells us authoritatively exactly what that profound and terrifying dogma means. It does not, we eagerly explain, mean that one man must necessarily have one vote or that everybody need necessarily have exactly the same income. It does not mean that we are all of the same height or have all the same amount of brains. It is clear enough that there are all sorts of things that it does not mean. But equally it clearly does not mean that we all have an equal spiritual endowment. The parables of the Gospels always emphasise an almost brutal and apparently arbitrary inequality of talent and reward. There are 'favourite disciples'. There are richer and poorer in spiritual gifts. Some are called to the life of religion in the technical sense and others are not called. Even in the Beatific Vision, the scholastic philosophers used to teach, all vessels will be filled full of perfect delight, but the vessels will be of different content. There will be pint pots and quart pots. Just as here one listener can get more out of listening to Beethoven than another, so there one soul will get more out of the Beatific Vision than another.

True, but then who will get more? It is obvious that there are some lives which are more evidently saintly than others—some lives which require a great decision before they can be embraced, while others can be slipped into along a line of least resistance. It is obviously inevitable that the world should attend more, to applaud or to condemn, to the lives which make their claims more evident, but that is neither here nor there. But is it true that there are some ways of life which of their nature offer no opportunity for sanctity? That, if you embrace the life of the Cocktail Party, you have by doing so embraced a form of life that is not sinful but at the same time of its very nature renounces any possibility of sanctity—put yourself, as it were, down for a spiritual Pass Degree? We shall see at the Day of Judgment, but I doubt it.

Is it not rather true that all lives, if you judge them by their results, are, or at any rate can easily be made to seem, futile? 'The indomitable spirit of mediocrity', we can say of the life of the Cocktail Party, as Edward Chamberlayne says in condemnation of himself. But then we can as easily say, as Lavinia says of Celia's martyrdom,

'Just for a handful of plague-stricken natives  
Who would have died anyway'.

As the preacher said in Geneva, '*Ah, mes enfants, nous mourons tous, nous mourons tous—moi aussi peut-être*'.

It is clear then that we cannot estimate the value of actions by their consequences, at any rate in this world. No one but William James was ever such a fool as to imagine that we could. Sir Henry says:

'If we were all judged according to the consequences  
Of all our words and deeds,  
... we should all be condemned'.

Either, then, our actions have no value or there is another world. There is no escape from that logic. But is it not a relic of this secularist and contradictory belief that actions acquire value from their consequences which tends to make us exalt the acts of evident heroism above the acts of unseen heroism? The Church, it is true, canonises only him who is

evidently a saint. How can she do otherwise? But she never pretends that these are the only saints, and the one thing that we certainly know about the Day of Judgment is that the verdicts will be very surprising—alike to the recipients of them and to everybody else. I do not know, often as it is asserted, that Christianity does teach that all souls are equal in the sight of God. It tells us that 'the first shall be last and the last shall be first', but that is a different thing from all being equal.

'There is only one sorrow', writes Léon Bloy in *La Femme Pauvre*, 'the sorrow of not being a saint'. 'There is another, too', comes the answer, 'not to be sorrowful at not wishing to be a saint'. In so far as the Chamberlaynes reconciled themselves to their Pass standard—accepted the fact that they were not of the stuff of which saints are made—there was indeed failure in their lives, from the Christian as well as from other standpoints. But there was not failure just because they drank cocktails. On the contrary,

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine,

And equally,

Who sips a cocktail as for Thy laws  
Makes that and the action fine.

There can be, and there may be, Saints of the Cocktail Bar, a Madonna des Cocktails as much as of the Snows or of the Mission Fields. Indeed I rather fancy that I once met one.

Any ground, then, can be the ground of sanctity. The terrain is indifferent. But to say this is not to criticise Mr. Eliot, or at the least, if to criticise him, to criticise him as an artist rather than as a theologian. It may be a certain fault in artistic emphasis to attribute to the heroine an end so obviously heroic and to the 'Pass' characters scenes of action so firmly held as unsanctified by popular opinion as Hollywood and the Cocktail Party. But if we turn from Mr. Eliot's art to his teaching, it is only fair to him to notice that Sir Henry makes it clear that, though all who go out from his sanatorium go out as dedicated persons, they by no means all go out to spectacular forms of dedication. He says:

'Some of them return in a physical sense,  
No one disappears. They lead very active lives,  
Very often, in the world'.

Some of them return, doubtless, to the Cocktail Party.

—Third Programme

## The Last of Summer

All day, all day  
He would linger  
Where the crowds walked and the crowds talked  
And like a harp the bay  
Felt every vessel like a finger  
Plucking a meaningless sound.  
And life seemed gay.

All night, all night  
He would wander  
Where the crowds sang and the music rang  
And long and sharp and bright  
The pier cut asunder  
The harp-strings of the bay.  
And his heart seemed light.

But one day, one day  
That long summer ended,  
There were only stones and shells like bones  
And like a corpse the bay  
Lay dark and distended  
Beneath a sky of grey:  
For the crowds had gone away.

That night, that night  
He stood lonely  
Where far and near the glittering pier  
Had jabbed the waves with light,  
But now there was only  
A single shape in sight.  
And at last he knew delight.

FRANCIS KING



# Alfred and the Cakes

C. E. CARRINGTON on the authenticity and value of traditional tales

ONCE upon a time people just remembered and repeated the old tales about kings and saints and heroes, stories like Alfred and the Cakes, without bothering whether the incidents actually happened.

I don't think that the chroniclers of the Middle Ages distinguished very clearly, in their own minds, between fact and fiction, or at any rate between actual past events and traditional tales about past events. There was once a famous quarrel among the writers of the twelfth century about King Arthur. Gerald of Barry denounced Geoffrey of Monmouth as a liar, because he told such very tall stories about the Round Table and all that. But Gerald did not question the veracity of the legends about King Arthur; he only denounced Geoffrey for inflating and embroidering them. Geoffrey and Gerald would be equally shocked to learn how many people nowadays believe that King Arthur never existed; that the whole story of the Round Table is a fairy-tale. I do not think it is a fairy-tale. I think these old stories have more than a grain of truth in them, and are worth remembering. I hold with the chroniclers of the old time who recorded these stories and objected if anyone took liberties with them.

## History that Sticks

For some years now I have been puzzling over the queer stories from English history that everybody knows, and that nobody quite believes. If you were suddenly put back in the schoolroom, and were made to answer an examination paper on English History—as taught—how many marks would you get? What do you really know about the Bill of Rights and the Reformation Parliament and the causes of the Hundred Years' War? Not much, I venture to say, and why should you? But if there was an alternative paper, on Traditional Tales from English History, with questions about Canute and the Waves? Lady Godiva? Hereward the Wake? Robin Hood? The Princes in the Tower? Dick Turpin's Ride to York? Nelson's Blind Eye? I think you would get pretty good marks. Everyone knows that Queen Elizabeth walked through the puddle dryshod on Raleigh's cloak, that King Charles hid in the oak tree, that Victoria came downstairs in her nightgown at six o'clock in the morning to be greeted as Queen. And, with one or two other stories of the same kind, that is about all that most people do remember of these eminent persons. So we find that, even in this sophisticated age, there is a body of traditional history, handed down from generation to generation. It is mostly different from the academic history taught in schools and, unlike the academic history, it sticks.

Some of these stories, such as Canute and the Waves, seem in themselves rather silly and pointless, but that perhaps means that they did have a meaning once, even if we are not quite clear what it was. Others, like Alfred and the Cakes, really tell you something about a personality, and so make history live. Be sure that if the stories were pointless they would not have survived a thousand years. Let me remind you what the first chronicler actually says about the king in the kitchen.

In the year of Our Lord 878, when King Alfred was twenty-nine years old, the Army of the Heathen left Exeter to winter at Chippenham, a royal town on the east bank of the River Avon, in the north of Wiltshire. War and poverty and terror had driven many of the people of those parts to take refuge overseas, and all who remained were brought under the rule of the Heathen.

At this time Alfred, with a handful of his lords and a few soldiers, was leading a wretched life among the woods and marshes of Somerset, in deep misfortune. They had nothing to live upon except what they could take, by bold strokes or cunning devices, from their Heathen enemies, or even from their Christian friends.

And (as it may be read in the life of the holy St. Neot) Alfred lay hidden for a long time in the hut of one of his cowherds. One day it happened that the wife of the cowherd, a simple peasant-woman, was cooking bannocks while the King, sitting by the fire, made ready his bow and arrows and equipment. Then that unhappy woman saw that the cakes were burning. She rushed to move them, rating the heroic king, as the song goes:

You lout! you sit and watch 'em burn! Why don't you turn 'em round?  
You wouldn't be slow to gobble 'em up, if you saw them nicely browned.

Little did that unlucky woman think that the 'lout' was King Alfred who had fought and won so many battles against the Heathen.

Unfortunately, I cannot say much about the origins of this tale. The one copy of the manuscript was destroyed in the fire at the Cottonian Library, two hundred years ago, and no one can now say, positively, how near it was to being a contemporary account. Not very near. Perhaps written two or three centuries after Alfred's death; but embedded in it was a fossil fragment of something older, the Latin verse which I have roughly translated for you. That, no doubt, is a relic of the original story. We have another account of King Alfred by William of Malmesbury, the best of all the English medieval chroniclers. Now he does not tell the story of the cakes, though he presented a great many lively anecdotes about the kings of Wessex. But he does say that King Alfred 'in his happier days, enjoyed telling amusing stories of his adventures in Athelney'—that is Somerset. So we know that there was a floating tradition of such stories and I have no doubt that burning the cakes was one of them.

Now let us take another story. Perhaps there is none better known in English history than Drake's Game of Bowls.

'Hast thou not heard

That haughty Spain's Pope-consecrated fleet

Advances to our shores, while England's fate,

Like a clipped guinea, trembles in the scale' . . .

'Time to finish the game and beat the Spaniards too', said Drake.

It seemed to represent exactly the character of the man, and the mood of the nation, when all the world outside thought that England was finished—just as they did in 1940—and when the English people trusted their own leaders and their own courage. But is it a true story? It got into print in 1731, about a hundred years after the deaths of the last survivors of that scene on Plymouth Hoe.

In this case again we have an earlier hint to go on. There was something, some story of the admirals playing bowls at Plymouth, current within ten years of the Armada. John Stow, the contemporary historian, just alludes to it, without telling the story. There the legend was, underground, like the stories which you know and I know about Winston Churchill and 'Monty', which will not be printed until 'Monty' and Winston Churchill and you and I are dead. Some historical characters seem to break out and bud and blossom with anecdotes.

The story of Lady Godiva's Ride through Coventry was published about a hundred and fifty years after her death, for she was a real person whether the story of the ride is true or not. The story of King Richard and the Minstrel who sang outside his prison appeared about seventy years after the King's death. Notice the time-lag. These periods, say from seventy to a hundred and fifty years, mark the limits of memory at first hand—strictly *second hand*.

## Two Streams: Underground and Overground

One of the subjects that everyone is interested in is links with the past. My great-grandfather saw Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon* in Plymouth Sound in 1815. That is not a very long link, but I cling to it; and no doubt many of you, when you hear me mention it, are ready at once with a story to cap it. Your great-grandmother, perhaps, took tea with Dr. Johnson. But if she did, I am sure you never heard her tell of it; and I have only a written account of what my great-grandfather saw at Plymouth. But there are many people now living who have talked with eye-witnesses of the Great Exhibition a hundred years ago. That is just about the common limit of first-hand evidence. Earlier than that, when it comes to Napoleon or Dr. Johnson we must rely either on written history or on gossip at second or third hand. And, generally speaking, when picturesque personalities like these are in question, we have both—two streams of history—underground and overground. The underground stream seems to come to the surface when living memory dies away.

(continued on page 342)



# NEWS DIARY

August 22-28

## Wednesday, August 22

Mr. Stokes, leader of British delegation to Teheran, suspends oil negotiations with Persians

Two of the three British observers in Bechuanaland return to London

Names announced of members of Royal Commission on Divorce

## Thursday, August 23

Anglo-Iranian Oil Company orders all British staff of south Persian oilfields to leave. Skeleton staff only to remain at Abadan

Communists suspend talks at Kaesong pending 'satisfactory reply' from United Nations over alleged bombing attack on conference zone

Burmese Government declines invitation to attend San Francisco conference on Japanese Peace Treaty

## Friday, August 24

Mr. Stokes arrives in London from Teheran and attends meeting of Ministers. Mr. Harriman leaves Teheran after final meeting with Dr. Moussadeq

Mr. Griffiths, Secretary for the Colonies, leaves London for Nairobi to discuss plan for Federation of British territories in Central Africa

## Saturday, August 25

General Ridgway rejects communist accusation of United Nations bombing attack on Kaesong, describing it as 'obviously manufactured'

Persian Government publishes text of letter to Mr. Harriman giving its reasons for rejecting British oil proposals. Mr. Harriman visits Yugoslavia

## Sunday, August 26

Mr. Harriman arrives in London

Nahas Pasha, Egyptian Prime Minister, threatens to break off negotiations for revision of Anglo-Egyptian Treaty unless Britain makes a 'new and constructive move'

India rejects U.S. invitation to San Francisco Conference

Lieut.-General Sir Frederick Morgan to succeed Lord Portal as Controller of Atomic Energy

## Monday, August 27

Mr. Harriman attends meeting of Ministers at 10 Downing Street

Communist leaders in Korea demand that General Ridgway should make another investigation of alleged bombing of Kaesong

Football League lifts ban on live broadcasts of football matches

## Tuesday, August 28

Mr. Harriman states that a solution of the Persian oil dispute is possible, but that a 'cooling-off' period would be valuable

At Kaesong U.N. representative has brief meeting with Communist liaison officer

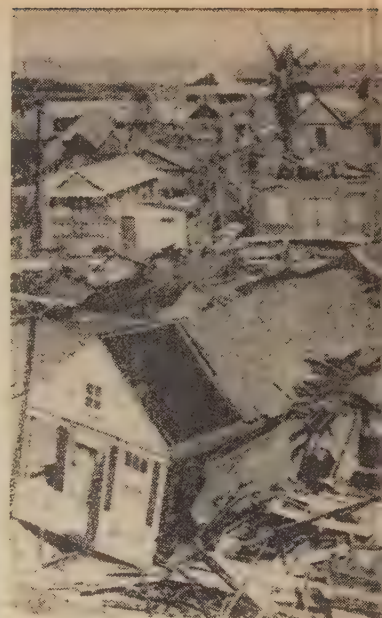


Mr. Richard Stokes, leader of the British Mission to Teheran, photographed on arrival at London Airport on August 24, after the breakdown of the oil negotiations. Mr. Stokes expressed confidence that with some good will on both sides there was 'no reason why the talks should not be resumed and reach a satisfactory conclusion'



The Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan, arriving by helicopter to open the ten-day London International Patrol Camp at Gilwell Park, Essex, on August 23. The overseas scouts who attended the ceremony were the guests of the London scouts

Right: thirty-foot high pillars of a Moon Temple excavated near the sacred city of Mareb in Southern Arabia (believed to have been the capital city of the Queen of Sheba) where an expedition led by Mr. Wendell Phillips, President of the American Foundation for the Study of Man, has been doing archaeological research for the past two years. The first white people to be allowed to enter the area, they have made many remarkable discoveries



The wreckage of the Frankfurt-Paris express with the Basle-Calais express near Metz on August 24. Twenty people were killed and many injured in the crash.



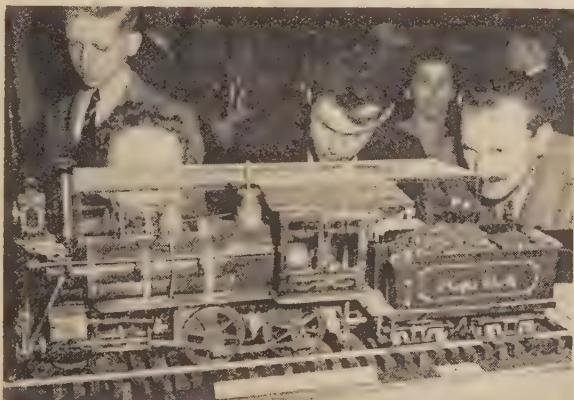




A photograph received in London this week of devastation at Port Royal, Jamaica, caused by the recent hurricane. Over 150 people were killed and 25,000 rendered homeless. The British Government has contributed £250,000 to the relief fund which has been opened by the Governor of Jamaica to assist the victims



It had come into collision at 24. The crash, in which the last coach but one had the roof of the next coach



One of the scale models in the Model Engineer Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall, London: a two-and-a-half-inch gauge American locomotive of 1875. An outstanding exhibit is a model of a Churchill tank which weighs over two hundredweight and can carry out sixteen different orders through radio control, including laying a smokescreen



The start of the junior guides' race at the annual sports meeting held at Grasmere, Westmorland, on August 23. Thousands of people who attended the meeting in its pleasant setting saw some particularly fine finishes to many of the main events



Left: two newcomers to the London Zoo which are attracting much interest: a pair of young European otters (the first the Zoo has had for three years), presented by the Regent of Iraq. The photograph, taken last week, shows them at play in their pool



(continued from page 339)

Look at it this way. Take an event within the memory of elderly people now living. Take the Boer War, fifty years ago. There are limits to the nonsense that can now be talked about the Boer War; because, if someone very young and clever ventures too outrageous an opinion, he is sure to be slapped down by a greybeard with: 'No, my boy! That will never do. I was there myself, and it wasn't like that at all'. The Boer War is not a popular topic just now, and the survivors do not talk much about it. Ten or twenty years hence, when there are only a few ancient veterans left, they will become interesting links with the past, and their reminiscences will be treasured. It is then that the traditional history of the Boer War will be established and it may be quite unlike the fashionable theory of the scientific historians. It may also last a thousand years longer.

Now go back and take the Crimean War, nearly a hundred years ago, of which there are no survivors left. This means that it has been quite taken over by the historians, and almost any statement can be made about it, on some evidence or other, by a historian with an axe to grind, or a bee in his bonnet. The corrective is supplied, not by another historian with a different axe to grind, but by the traditional legend which, in this case, is firmly fixed. Whatever the scientific historians may assert or deny, the English people will continue to remember the futile gallantry of the Light Brigade, the misery of the Crimean winter campaign, and the glorious name of the Lady with the Lamp. And they will be right; this is the truth about the Crimea, told by the survivors, and fixed in the national tradition in the sixty or seventy years during which they survived it. Just now, after a hundred years, we cannot check the story at first hand, but we can still

meet old people who remember Florence Nightingale. This is the point at which genuine links with that past event are rare, and are treasured for their rarity.

Historians, I think, allow themselves to be fascinated by official reports and formal documents, placing more faith in them than in personal records of the past. But do we really find today that the official statement about a battle, or the agreed statement put out after a conference, or the minutes of a committee really tell us what happened there? No, it is the verbal account by an eye-witness that we value most. And so with the past. If we ever can learn the truth about the past it must be, as Newman said, 'wrought out by many minds working freely together'.

What conclusion am I coming to? I shall hardly go so far as to say that scientific history is bunk! But if history has any lesson, it is that the pronouncements of scientific historians are very short-lived. And perhaps no scientific historians ever went so sadly astray as those pedants of the last generation who supposed that to make history accurate it was first necessary to make it dull. What is dull is very quickly forgotten. On the other hand there is a kind of history that lives almost for ever. It is remembered because people want to remember it, because, that is, it has a meaning for them. Sometimes a mythical story cannot be better explained than in the words of the myth. The notes and the glossary only add to the obscurity. Perhaps King Arthur and Robin Hood and Wolfe reciting Gray's 'Elegy' and 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume' have more to tell us than Professor So-and-so's Prolegomena to the Institutional History of the Pre-modern Age. These stories will tell us more if we open the mind's eye, and use the imagination, upon these genuine links with the past.—*Home Service*

## Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

### Training New Nations

Sir,—There was one surprising omission in Mr. Ivor Thomas' admirably lucid address on 'Training New Nations'; he did not directly mention the fundamental difference between British and French methods of colonial administration.

Whereas the British encourage the growth of nationalist sentiment to the point of self-government in the dependent territories, the French, in tropical Africa at least, openly discourage such a tendency and foster the growth of French national sentiment. Thus, representatives from French colonies are elected to the French National Parliament, whereas in British territories election is to the colonial legislatures. Admittedly, Africans can rise to the highest positions in the French colonial hierarchy, as witness Governor-General Eboué whom Mr. Thomas cited, but such appointments are made on individual merit and represent only a small minority in the administrative service. In the more advanced British colonies, on the other hand, Africans are allotted a majority in the legislative assemblies as a matter of right, irrespective of merit.

I do not presume to judge the comparative advantages of the two systems but it is undeniable that they differ profoundly in method and aim.—Yours, etc.,

Heswall

NORMAN A. PANNELL  
(Ex-Member,  
Nigerian Legislative Council)

### Choosing Children for Secondary Schools

Sir,—The Professor of Education at Leeds University in his recent broadcast gave a most helpful account of the methods used for choosing children for secondary schools. Many parents will be convinced that a sincere attempt is made, often in spite of great difficulties, to find the appropriate school for their children.

There are, however, two factors which are not

sufficiently considered today in selecting children for the grammar schools. The first is the 'wastage' at fifteen. Selection for a grammar school should involve an undertaking by the parents that they will not remove their child before sixteen. The other factor is the intelligence tests. Mr. Armfelt admits that these tests play an important part in selecting children. Most of us who teach in grammar schools are convinced by experience that intelligence tests are highly inaccurate and tend to lead to much injustice.

If they have reason to believe that these two factors are not being properly considered by the authorities parents have a right to complain. Carefully prepared complaints will help to remedy the injustices which at present often arise in selecting children for grammar schools.

Yours, etc.,

Sussex

GRAMMAR SCHOOLMASTER

Sir,—Professor R. N. Armfelt, in his talk 'Choosing Children', seemed a capable Job's comforter of parents whose children have failed to pass the selection examination for secondary schools: but, like the wooden-legged man who is told that wooden legs are so much better than real legs, we are entitled to have our suspicions.

After agreeing with those who say that failure to pass the test is a bar to securing one of the better paid jobs, such as medicine or law, Professor Armfelt says: 'How absurd it is, isn't it, a child of ten or eleven imagining himself a failure?' Now in all humility I would ask, is there anything of a feeling of success in being barred for life, from the age of ten or eleven, from attractive careers such as medicine and law: and also, perhaps worse still, being condemned to an inferior education where the avowed utilitarian objective is to equip a child to be one of the lesser lights of society?

When Professor Armfelt says: 'If a boy, for instance, who can think of nothing but engines,

is always being asked to read Latin—isn't that the surest way of breeding failures?': he is talking nonsense. Boys who are engrossed in the hobby of model railways usually pass; they have the practical outlook for it. And how unkind to begrudge an engine-minded boy his education! Surely he might become a consulting engineer and need a little culture to interview his clients.

Some boys can think of nothing but catapults and roller skates, and how nice it is to believe they will go on thinking only of catapults and roller skates for the rest of their lives, so that one can comfortably deprive them of an education!—Yours, etc.,

London, W.13

LIONEL HENDERSON

### Contemporary Sculpture

Sir,—I now live and work in the country and rely largely upon THE LISTENER to keep me in touch with what is going on in the various art galleries with which, formerly, I was fairly familiar. I have not seen the new sculptures dealt with by A. D. B. Sylvester, but, judging from his portentous apologia for our young sculptors and the two photographic illustrations (dangerous, I admit), it would seem we are not far from chaos, and that any further refinement of abstraction will result in an individualism so complete that it can have no meaning and evoke no emotion in anybody but the creator. Walter Gropius, on the very next page, says regretfully that today 'the artist is the forgotten man, almost ridiculed and undervalued as being a superfluous luxury member of society'—a coincidental sequence of some significance.

Who is to blame? An artist friend, a teacher of repute and integrity, says Picasso, great man though he is, has had a most baneful effect upon all subsequent artists. Hitherto I have ventured to disagree. But now? One should not, of course, base final judgments upon photographic



evidence, but it would be fair, would it not, to say, purely on the evidence of two other photographs in the same number, that Lautrec's 'La Clownesse Assise' is somewhere near the top of the scale of artistic values while the egregious tiled airedale fireplace is below the bottom, and does not even qualify as Sharra-woggy?

I would not be so disturbed about this were it not for the fact that at last I find myself really out of step; that what, for Mr. Sylvester, 'conjures up a flock of birds rising into the air' for me conjures up an 'open-sculptured' tailor's dummy after collision with an irate dress-maker. Can it be that the Cubist birds have come home to roost and are laying square eggs in round holes?—Yours, etc.,

Tidmarsh

MARJORIE MILSOM

Sir,—I much regret that the untidy condition of my script was responsible for a syntactical aberration in the printed version of my talk in THE LISTENER. The penultimate sentence of the penultimate paragraph should have begun with the words 'He relies on', and not 'He has'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

A. D. B. SYLVESTER

### Abstract Painting in England

Sir,—Many will disagree with Messrs. Gimpels' statement that the outbreak of post-war abstraction here differs from that in France. Has it not been a pertinent part of the campaign to claim that many of these artists have worked in France, or have trained with French masters? Nor can one be convinced that this marriage of Continental abstraction and English romantic painting has been other than the callous one of expediency.

In an earlier period when English artists formalised their landscapes in the style of Cézanne they were hindered by the policy of their sponsors who attacked Victorian romanticism as inconsistent with the new art. Today the young painters know how to do business! Without as much as a wink they parody Kandinsky or turn out abstractions as sterile as any in France. The romanticism is supplied in the title and augmented by the critics. A cut-up newspaper by Pasmore is sufficient to arouse in Mr. Taylor (August 9) the sentiments that, in 1851, were accorded a Rossetti.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

BERNARD BOLES

Sir,—Mr. Boles, in his unsympathetic and premature obituary on abstract art in this country, displays not merely bias, but a common tendency to pigeon-hole contemporary painting as either Abstract or Traditional. These absurd alternatives are presumably based on the 'proved' data which he advances. Abstraction we are told is sterile, lacks direction, uses funk-hole terms, is a false vogue, is non-traditional.

In fact the abstract or formal element is present in all modes of painting, inherent in the work of Picasso and della Francesca alike. In a painting by Mondrian this element may preponderate to the exclusion of any associative image whatever. Such a degree of abstraction might permissibly be regarded as exclusive if not untraditional, but it is both absurd and misleading to oppose the exhibition at Gimpel Fils to all other modes of traditional painting as being different in *kind*. The work of Nicholson, Pasmore, Adler, Gear and Lanyon cannot thus be isolated. In different ways and for varying purposes each of these artists has indeed developed a strongly formal element in his work. This is their common affinity and in this they differ merely in *degree* from most of our other painters.

They are not anti-traditional. They are not

apart. Theirs is an integral and balanced contribution to contemporary painting in these Islands.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

LOUIS LE BROCCQUY

### Functionalism in the 'Fifties

Sir,—Though I cannot share David Pye's anxiety about my smile of a Phoenix and my use in architectural criticism of the idea of 'evolution by readjustment' I value his letter as being the authentic voice (but, taken too literally, how can a letter be a voice?) of the Craft Tradition.

By the 'Craft Tradition' I did not and do not mean 'craftsmen at all times', but a distinct movement which was begun by William Morris and which has been confined chiefly to this country and to Scandinavia. This movement produced a 'style' of its own, of which, for me, the chief mark is reliance upon material to decide form. The movement has kept alive for us a host of valuable conceptions which mostly have to do with quality in work and with the relationship between designer and workman and the work produced; but what it has failed to do is to give us the new set of forms which our changed circumstances demand.

I always hesitate to apply the word 'great' to works of art as these are always hedged about by limitations. But the word when used must always go with the notion of purity in conception and therefore I do mean that 'in a new epoch art cannot be great unless it refuses to carry on any form originated in the past'—though to place the emphasis on this refusal is to distort the workings of art out of all recognition. In practice we carry on past forms because we lack the power to transform them all at once. So long as this is the fruit of honest incapacity our work will at least have the character of being sincere; but the moment we retain past forms *on principle* we bind our faculty of design hand and foot and can do no good.

I deny that this view impugns the characteristic excellence of any of the classical periods of the past. The chief interest in art history does not lie in the persistence of old forms after the thought which begot them has vanished, for this, in so far as it happens, only represents defect. The true interest lies in the continuous birth of new thought and in its power to permeate the world of form and to renew it. Gothic is great, not by virtue of the elements of Romanesque which may still be contained in it, but in proportion as these elements have been eliminated or transformed.

Since all design is at bottom an attempt to make the changeable parts of the physical world conform to a pattern in the mind, we must allow philosophical considerations to transcend utility—though as design is equally for use, they must never obliterate it. This I would put forward as comfort to your other correspondent, Claude Sisley, whose cry against the lofty 'take-it-or-leave-it' of contemporary architects will arouse wide sympathy among readers. But this attitude of the architects' is the mark of men who know that they have a good thing.

Yours, etc.,

Bristol

LANCE WRIGHT

### Revival of Religious Drama

Sir,—A myth, by constant repetition, comes to be accepted as historical fact. One of the 'Critics', on the morning of Sunday, August 19, said that Mr. T. S. Eliot had been responsible for the revival of religious drama. I am sure that Mr. Eliot, had he heard this claim, would have been the first to insist upon a qualification of it.

The poet to whom we owe the revival of religious and verse drama is Dr. John Masefield. In the summer of 1928, Dr. Bell, then Dean of Canterbury, invited three great artists, John

Masefield, Gustav Holst and Charles Ricketts, to collaborate in the production of a play on the steps of the nave of Canterbury Cathedral. The play, 'The Coming of Christ', was written by the poet for this occasion. These artists gave their work as an offering to the cathedral—as did the humbler artists and craftsmen who assisted them. In the course of a week, seven performances of the play were given in the nave, which was filled to overflowing. No charge was made for admission, but voluntary collections amounted to over £600. Within a year, again at Dr. Bell's suggestion, the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral were founded. It was decided that, under the able and tireless direction of their Steward and Treasurer, Miss Margaret Babington, the Friends should hold an annual festival in which the production of a religious drama should play an important part. Dr. Bell decided that the proceeds of Mr. Masefield's play should be devoted to the encouragement of religious drama in verse. He invited the writer to be his co-trustee for this fund which would enable the Friends to commission poets to write plays on any subject they chose, their works being limited only by the physical conditions imposed by performance in the Chapter House and by the theological approval of the Dean and Chapter.

Since then, the plays of nine poets have been produced at Canterbury—most of them written for the occasion; of these, Mr. Eliot's 'Murder in the Cathedral' was the second, and Mr. Robert Gittings' 'The Makers of Violence' was, in this festival year, the latest. The quality of these plays has been acclaimed by critics; nearly all the performances of them have been given in the Chapter House filled to capacity.

Such is the history of the nourishment of religious drama, which has proved to be deeply satisfying to all concerned. Poets, actors and artists have never failed to rise to the occasion. Their successes at Canterbury have won them a wider audience, so that now we are on the threshold of a revival of verse drama in the popular theatre. The Friends of Canterbury Cathedral, thanks to Dr. Masefield's example and bounty, have proved that poets of today, left to themselves and to collaboration with actors and producers, can maintain the great tradition of English verse drama.—Yours, etc.,

Wittersham

LAURENCE IRVING

### 'Life of Baron von Hügel'

Sir,—Your interesting review of Count de la Bedoyère's *Life of Baron von Hügel* shows that the learned Baron's variations on the theme of biblical criticism still remain an enigma. He lived and died a Roman Catholic; yet, as an intimate friend of his has told us, 'he was to the end wholly impenitent in his adherence to modern critical views of the sacred books'. That is to say, he was a sort of chimera—a Catholic-heretic: one who whole-heartedly accepted the ruling of Leo XIII in the encyclical *Providentissimus Deus* (1893) that 'all the books which in their integrity the Church receives as sacred and canonical, with all their parts, were written by the dictation of the Holy Spirit, and therefore exclude all possible error', and at the same time maintained with the Modernists that this was gross clerical obscurantism.

There have, of course, been scores of eminent Catholics who have been unperturbed by the Church's intransigence in this matter—Pasteur and Mendel are always cited—but you will invariably find that such men have left the historical origins of their faith severely alone. Pasteur had the *foi du charbonnier* and Abbot Mendel was more interested in peas than in the Pentateuch. Baron von Hügel's case is unique and still calls for quite a lot of explanation.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS



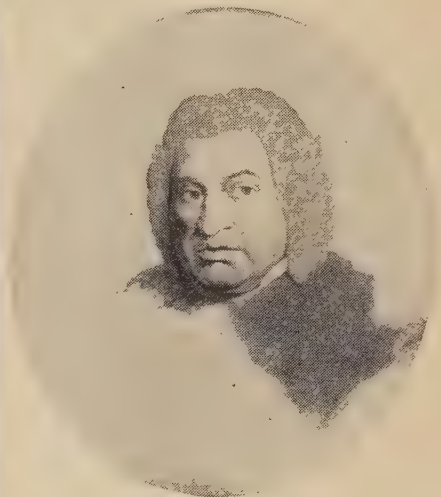
# The Wig: its Rise and Decline

By DAVID PIPER

ON his way up from Jericho, the prophet Elisha was ambushed by small boys. They were very rude about his bald head. His devastating retort must be the envy of countless sensitive men, for he disposed immediately of forty-two of the children through the agency of two she-bears. At most times, it is fashionable for at least some hair to be worn: not to wear any hair at all is to flout convention, and convention springs to its own precarious defence by ridicule of its aggressors. But when lots of hair is accounted a virtue, then it is splendid to have even more hair than anyone else.

Wigs have been worn for centuries. The kings of ancient Egypt had them, and later the German tribes ran a profitable business exporting blonde hair to Rome. But I want to talk now only about the wigs that were worn in England, by men, between the Restoration and the French Revolution—then, for over a hundred years, it was actually a convenience, almost an advantage, for a man to be bald.

This phase in the history of wigs begins in France, then as now the arbiter of European fashion. Early in the seventeenth century, at the



(Left) Sir John Vanbrugh (1664-1726), by Sir Godfrey Kneller, showing the wig at its maximum length; and (above) Dr. Johnson (1709-1784), when the wig had 'quietened'

National Portrait Gallery



Cartoon of a late eighteenth-century buck with his fantastic head-dress

court of Louis XIII, long hair was an emblem of high social rank for a man. But the incumbent of the highest rank of all, the king, began prematurely to lose his hair. At first he probably only supplemented what was left to him, but in the end he wore a full wig. The court, by courtesy, naturally followed suit, and so the extraordinary fashion was launched. For a century and more Europeans cropped or shaved their hair in order to wear someone else's hair instead. Englishmen, as is their inclination, followed the new fashion but slowly. They knew about wigs, for even in James I's reign Barnaby Rich had complained of women trafficking in the 'lowly commodity of periwigs' and 'monstrous mop-poles of hair'. But not till after the Restoration of 1660 did Charles II approve them officially by wearing them himself. He had become used to French fashions during his long exile, and, besides, he was going grey. London's gradual yielding to the fashion is chronicled by Pepys in his diary. In 1662, his wife was toying with wigs, and he registered some doubts. But in May of the next year, 1663, he himself was flirting with them at his barber's, although he said, 'I have no stomach for it, but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great'. Six months later, on October 13, he succumbed and bought a wig, but hesitated before venturing out in it. On November 2 he was encouraged by hearing the Duke of York say that he was going to wear one. The following day he took the decisive step: he had all his hair cut off, though, he admits, it went to his heart to part with it. The next day, with some apprehension, he showed himself in public, bewigged. To his relief there was no great comment, and even the close scrutiny of the congregation next Sunday was not outraged.

And so the wig was in. The specimen first worn by Charles II was a straightforward affair, curled regularly like an Assyrian lion, falling below the shoulders in front, and almost flat on top. Slowly it grew even longer, and the curls fuller and looser. Then, reaching its maximum length, it began to grow up on top, into twin peaks. By about 1700 it had reached its full growth, and so it bloomed on through the reign of Queen Anne. The magazine *The Tatler* printed a bogus but probably not over-exaggerated advertisement on behalf of a coach-proprietor: 'Dancing shoes not exceeding four inches in height, and periwigs not exceeding three feet in length, are carried in the coach-box gratis'.

The wig was by now an essential part of dress for all social occasions. It was improper not to wear it. Even the Anglican Church adopted it,



although it provoked some polemics, and bitter counter-quotation from the church-fathers among Roman Catholics. Some Catholic divines in France compromised by wearing wigs with tansured crowns, and by 1717, even Quakers, while deploring 'extravagant' wigs, allowed those which could be classified as 'modest, decent, or necessary'.

With the death of Queen Anne, the decline set in, and the wig waxed and waned through the reigns of the first three Georges in an innumerable variety of forms. Occasionally it fossilised as an accessory of professional costume. The powdered bob-wig, very full and fuzzy at the sides, was appropriated by the Church; the full-bottomed wig, otherwise extinct by 1745, remained, and still remains, an attribute of judges and of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Soldiers went into pig-tails, and one military variation came back into high society, named after Marlborough's victory at Ramillies. By 1750 the varieties were legion, and their names almost as exotic and evocative as those of perfumes. They originated mostly in Paris. There were 'the pigeon's wing', 'the comet', 'the cauliflower', 'the royal bird', 'the staircase', 'the wild boar's back', 'the she-dragon', 'the rose', 'the negligent', the cut bob, the long bob, and the drop wig; 'the snail back', 'the spinage seed', and so on. But even among this rich profusion, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's son caused a certain furore when he arrived from Paris with the latest rage: an iron wig, spun out of the finest wire.

But this variety was not a sign of health; slowly, but inevitably, the wig was failing. In 1765 the wigmakers presented an anxious petition to George III, setting forth 'the distresses of themselves and an incredible number of others dependent upon them, from the almost universal decline of the trade, occasioned by the present mode of men in all stations wearing their own hair'. They got little sympathy, and a mock counter-petition on behalf of the 'Body Carpenters', exhorted the king to make his subjects wear wooden legs.

But although wigs declined, men still acknowledged them, even if they did not wear them, by elaborate powdering and pomading in imitation of a wig. And its last sublimity was yet to come, in the seventeen-seventies, when the bucks, or macaronis, launched their toupets heavenwards to heights yet undreamed of; contemporary caricature shows their barbers at work on ladders. But soon after this, other young gentlemen at the universities began to wear their own hair unashamed, cropped and unpowdered, braving the fury of the dons and the nickname of Apollo. The decisive factor was probably the French Revolution, which swept the wigs from such heads as it spared. Certain professions clung stubbornly to their extra hair, and the law still does; the Church abandoned it only reluctantly, and as late as 1858 Archbishop Sumner put on his wig to marry the Princess Royal.

But, in our ordinary business, we have now managed without wigs for some hundred and fifty years, rather longer perhaps than we wore them. Looking back, it seems incredible that men can have endured them for so long. The heat of them. The fustiness. The bother. And yet if the dominant fashion demand long hair, and washing facilities barely exist, wigs may be positively convenient. And to begin with at least, they offered variety and profusion at the time when men were most conscious of pleasure in their clothes. You could, like Pepys, cut your own hair off and then wear it as a wig; otherwise, the sources of supply included the dead (only not at plague times), the children of the poor, and even, as in Tacitus' day, the blondes of Germany. There was a minor economic storm in France, when Colbert discovered that too much solid gold was leaving the country to pay for the golden hair coming in from Germany. And, if hard pressed, there was always your wife's hair, and she, I suppose, got some one else's. You could appear fair in the morning, and dark as Charles himself in the evening, only you did not often go out in red hair, for red was the colour of Judas.

Some of the arguments advanced by champions of the wig are

perhaps far-fetched; I doubt if it really protected its owner from colds. But it was dignified. It was discreet. It lent maturity to the callow, and youth to the old, and it cancelled at least one of the threats of falling hair. Hogarth delighted to ridicule its excesses, but even he said that the full-bottomed wig, 'like the lion's mane, hath something noble in it, and adds not only dignity but sagacity to the countenance'. When a distinguished doctor and connoisseur, Dr. Mead, was etched without his wig, a contemporary remarked that he looked like 'an old mumper, as Rhinebrandts heads usually do: such works give pleasure to virtuosi

but not the public eye . . . and debase the Idea of a polite person'. It is said that Dr. Mead tried to suppress the print, and another etching, properly wigged, was certainly issued soon after, no doubt as antidote.

But, however gratifying it may be to put on sagacity with one's wig, the disadvantages were enormous. Wigs were not always clean, particularly in the later stages of the macaroni, when stories of birds and mice nesting in the enormous superstructure of wire and grease and hair became widespread. And they were very expensive: a friend of the poet Allan Ramsay, caught in the rain, sent his wig home in a sedan chair and followed it on foot. Also they were cumbersome, demanding a slower tempo of life than ours. And the danger—that night at Clarendon House, when Pepys, baffled by a strange noise behind his back, found his wig going up in flames from the candle. The dignity conferred was so vulnerable, even to a puff of wind, or a thief's hand that snatched in the crowd. A French actress once did a little skilful fishing with lines and hooks before the play began; when the curtain went up, all the wigs of the orchestra soared with it.

As a historical phenomenon, though, the wig remains fascinating. In its high blossom time, it echoes the massive swirl and swag of the Baroque; then it quieters through the eighteenth century, occasionally sporting some fantastic rococo freak. Heavily emphasising the head, it coincides neatly with the Age of Reason; all the great men of reason wore it—Locke, Newton, Addison and Pope; Handel, Lord Burlington, Reynolds, even Dr. Johnson. And it was, so it seems now, such an *unreasonable adjunct*—cutting off one's hair in order to wear someone else's.

Yet we still remember wigs. There was a time when the powder drizzling off the wig became an intolerable nuisance, and, to contain it, the bottom of the wig was encased in a neat bag. To stop the bag flapping on your back, often it was fastened round the throat with a black ribbon tied in a bow. This was called the solitaire. I suspect that the black tie that now accompanies the dinner jacket is a distant relative of the solitaire, and the famous black flash of the Royal Welch Fusiliers is certainly the remnant of the protection used to keep wig powder off the uniform. Whether we shall ever do more than remember the wig is another question. Men's hair seems to be worn now shorter than ever, but one never knows. An authority has suggested that men's clothes are about to go gay. If so, hair will follow suit, and when it starts to creep over the ears again, wigs may be all but upon us.—*Third Programme*

An otherwise admirable account in little of the development of Scots architecture (*The Story of Scots Architecture*, by Ian Finlay: Douglas and Foulis, 3s. 6d.) is somewhat marred by its insistence on the superior virtues of 'nationalist' features in building. The book is the substance of four broadcasts, and may perhaps be excused for its element of special pleading; but the lack of balance which is caused by the author's preference for national differences over international excellences, is illustrated by the comment on Hopetoun House, that its beauty '... like the beauty of nearly all fine classical buildings, is rather a cold, dead beauty, a beauty without much meaning in terms of everyday life'. This does less than justice to the numerous eighteenth-century houses in Scotland that present unmistakably national versions of the classic tradition and are as warm and lively in character as their southern counterparts. The book is never dull. It ends as strongly as it begins; and it is not without humour. The drawings suit the text and encourage the reader to absorb the four chapters at one sitting.



Caricature of Dr. Arne (1710-1778), wearing a 'bag' wig



Y.P.91.

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to the famous chemist Scheele. Hisinger thought that this rock, now known as the mineral "cerite", might contain a new metal; but Scheele failed to find it. More than twenty years later Hisinger himself discovered in cerite the new element cerium. Today the most important sources of the rare earth metals are deposits of monazite sand found in India and Brazil. Pure cerium is rarely produced, but in the form of "Mischmetall" — a mixture of rare earth metals — and in compounds with other elements it has a number of industrial uses. The luminosity of an electric arc light is increased if the carbon electrodes are impregnated with cerium fluoride during manufacture, and ceric sulphate is used in chemical analysis and in photography. Mischmetall is used extensively to make lighter flints of which I.C.I. produces many millions every year for use in gas and cigarette lighters.



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# Turning the Pages of a Gardener's Diary

By WILLIAM CURTIS

I HAVE been delving into the past, not the far distant, but the sort of past that called for this entry in one of my diaries. 'Bought a pair of shoes: cost nine coupons'. I had forgotten all about having to give up coupons for footwear. That shows how quickly things pass from our minds, so I thought it might be a good idea to look at a few more of the entries in my little books, to see what I had been getting up to back in the days before 1939.

## Making a Fish Pond

I seem to have been very keen on crazy paving because I see that I unloaded three tons of it one Saturday evening, and during the following week I laid a path and built a small fish pond complete with a cement bridge. I remember we bought one of those gaily coloured gnomes complete with a fishing rod, for a shilling. To give some point to the little fellow's fishing line we stocked our small pond with goldfish. Alas, they all floated to the top within a few days of coming to live in our pond. So since then I have never attempted to put anything alive in a cement pond until the cement has had time to lose its harmful effect. On that occasion I did take the trouble to treat the sides and bottom of the pool with isinglass, but experience has taught me that it is better to leave a new pool for at least two months, and then to plant with the necessary plants before introducing fish to the water.

Another mistake I have noted down about that early pond. There were too many leaves falling into it during the autumn, so I do advise the siting of a small pond as far away from trees as possible. I know we must have something to break up the hard bare outline of a concrete pool, and I think the answer is to plant a few clumps of the iris family. I like to avoid anything in the nature of a straight line, so I arrange my iris in natural groups around the edge of the pond, and by giving thought to the selection of kinds to plant it is possible to have some colour at all times of the year.

During the year when I built the small pond we had a wonderful display of geraniums. We planted them in every part of that small garden, and when we had filled all the beds, we framed the windows with pots filled with the ivy-leaved varieties. That was in a town garden. We have never had a display like it since we have lived in the open country, so perhaps the geranium, or pelargonium, thrives better in company with bricks and mortar. I remember that every one of the dozens of small cuttings that I managed to collect took root. I do not think I used anything special in the way of potting compost, but perhaps I did use rather a lot of sharp pit sand, the sort that builders use for mixing the material for plastering.

Mentioning plaster brings me to another entry in my little books. About the time when we began to relax from our all-out drive to produce more and more home-grown food, and Hitler's war had drawn to a close, I still had a nice heap of mortar that a bomb falling nearby had dislodged from the kitchen ceiling. I mixed that old mortar with some well-rotted turves and after adding a touch of bonemeal I used the mixture to fill the seed pans, in which I sowed some hundreds of seeds of the Chabaud strain of carnation. What a delight the resulting plants were; we had pretty well every colour in the carnation range, and every flower was a double. I have grown these carnations for some years, and I find they are amongst the easiest of flowers to come from seed, and they are ideal for the cool greenhouse. The cold never injures them; but they don't like damp, wet conditions. That can be said for all the dianthus family. I have found they all thrive when it is possible to get a well-drained position to plant in, and whenever possible I mix a load of old mortar rubble with the soil. But it must be old stuff, because I have found most of the new stuff is composed mainly of cement compo, and that is not as kindly to plant life as the old time lime mortar.

Talking of lime, I came across an entry which reminds me of a really wet day in November some years ago. Half a ton of lime arrived from the station, and there was no room to store it in the shed, so just for the time it had to go in a glasshouse. The roof of

that glasshouse was very far from being watertight. You know as well as I do what happens when new lime comes in contact with water: that lime, all the half-ton of it, just burst those paper bags like fun. With so much lime to dispose of as quickly as possible I gave our heavy soil in the vegetable garden a really heavy dressing, and what a difference it made to that earth. In the spring when I came to turn it over it seemed as though I was digging a new garden. There is no doubt that lime gets a heavy soil into a workable condition. Plenty of well rotted straw added to the plot at the time of digging is another way to the same end. One of the old ways of dealing with clay soil is to add a bit to the bonfire every time you have one; once it has been through a fire it will not cake together again. I know it is one of the gardener's greatest joys to talk of terrible clay soil; but it is the best possible soil to have when it is treated properly.

Another entry in my diary reminds me of a time of mists and bare trees when I was tussling with a ten-year-old apple tree. This particular tree—a Charles Ross—had behaved in quite a gentlemanly way for a few years, and suddenly it decided to go all woody. I have never seen a tree put on so much wood in such a short space of time as that one did. It produced a few apples but they were like cork. So I decided on this cold winter's day to stop such rampant growth. First, I made a trench big enough to allow me to work right round the stem, and I severed any roots that got in the way. Then I tunnelled down until I could reach the base of the stem, and there, sure enough, I found a big tap root going down to goodness knows where. A good sharp hacksaw blade soon parted this from the tree, and after a good search for any other adventurous roots the tree was brought back into an upright position, and the soil well firmed about the roots. The following year there was no fruit, and very few leaves. I wondered whether I had been too drastic, but, no, the treatment proved to be right, because the second year after the root pruning the tree carried a fair crop, and after that it went ahead fine, giving a good crop of excellent apples each season without a break.

## Butterfly Flowers

Each brief entry in these old diaries brings to mind things that happened years ago. A short note about a certain flower show, for instance, at once reminds me of the dazzling display of schizanthus that one of the exhibitors had put on; it was without a doubt the centre piece of the show. It is quite easy to see how they got their popular name—butterfly flowers—because they look for all the world like brightly coloured wings sitting lightly on the fernlike foliage. I am glad to be reminded of these flowers, because we want to have a really good show of them in our glasshouse next May. So I shall have to get busy early in September. I shall sow the seed in seed pans, using a compost made up to the John Innes formula, which in this case is two parts loam, one part peat, and one part sand (all these parts are by bulk). To every bushel of the compost I shall add one-and-a-half ounces of superphosphate of lime and three-quarters of an ounce of chalk. I shall sow the seeds as thinly as possible and then place the seedpans in a cool frame. When they are big enough to handle they will be potted, and at six inches high I shall pinch out the growing point, and that will make sure the plants bush out well. The schizanthus is not a flower that needs pampering, but it is necessary to see that its winter quarters are frost proof.

I will give you details of the compost for potting on into the large pots for flowering. This time, seven parts loam, three parts peat, and two parts sand (parts by bulk). To this add two parts hoof and horn, two parts superphosphate of lime, and one part sulphate of potash (this is of course by weight). To each bushel of compost add a quarter-of-a-pound of the mixture and also three-quarters of an ounce of chalk. And in case you want, as I often do, something to measure a bushel in, it is useful to know that a round container 19½ inches in diameter and 8½ inches deep will hold it, as will a box 22 inches long, 10 inches wide and 10 inches deep.

—From a talk in the West of England Home Service



# Twelfth-century Sculpture in Herefordshire

By EVELYN HARDY

**F**EW people know that twelfth-century England produced a school of sculptors whose work has never been rivalled. This Anglo-Norman school sprang up in the Benedictine Priory of Leominster about 1140, and spread its work through Herefordshire to the Welsh Borders. It seems to have been inspired by a nameless master-mason who trained a group of men and sent out workers to small and remote churches, leaving us a wonderful series of decorated fonts, doorways, arches and tympana rich in ornament.

To see this work I should begin at Leominster and then look at details in six small churches, before going on to Kilpeck, the most famous example of all. At Leominster Priory (traditionally founded by Leofric, the husband of Godiva) study the capitals of the pillars, and you will see many details in miniature worked out on a larger, more powerful scale elsewhere. Look in particular at the carving of two men bending down to cut corn, or saplings, with a sickle, or hook. Their faces are bearded and their eyes are wide; they stoop at their work with heads turned backwards as if fearful of being attacked.

Next look at the men on the font in the church at Eardisley. They have a fierce intentness which makes them savagely alive 800 years after their creation. They are called 'Harrows of Hell', but the sculptor has given them the character of men round about him whom he knows. One bears a long-handled spear and the other a raised sword. They are border warriors, soldiers of the Welsh March. In those days, Hereford was heavy with forest, dense, matted and dangerous, and the first man's spear might spit an animal or human enemy whom he could not reach at close quarters. At Brinsop there is a fine St. George on horse-back, who carries a similar spear. His cloak is blown backwards with the wind and his long kilt is spread out behind him. St. George did not become the patron saint of England for another two centuries, and there is only one other Norman St. George on horseback in the country.

At Stretton Sugwas you must see Samson grasping the jaws of the lion which he bestrides. His hair reaches nearly to his waist and altogether he is a most barbaric creature, slightly Assyrian in character. At Fownhope, there is a Virgin enthroned with her Child, flanked by a winged lion and an eagle, intertwined with foliage. The Virgin is not beautiful, but she has force and vitality of an alien kind. At Rowlestone, look for the proud cock-like birds, and the strangely inverted figure of St. Peter inside the church; and outside the sandstone tympanum of Christ in Majesty, supported by angels who seem to swim rather than fly, their spineless bodies bent back like those of mermen.

The gigantic font at Castle Frome is an unforgettable monument. It seems to clamour for hot Italian sunshine and it dominates the small church, still pervaded by the spirit of Norman and Crusader warriors. The large bowl, heavily ornamented, rests on the backs of three mutilated, savage figures, Lombardic in character. The pagan, negroid



The carving of Samson astride the lion in Stretton Sugwas church

*Crown copyright*

face of the figure whose head is still intact speaks of the suffering of captivity and of harsh service.

The neglected arches and tympana of Shobdon fill me with indignation. For this fine authentic work, second only to that at Kilpeck before wind and weather ruined it, was removed by Shobdon's eighteenth-century owner and set as a kind of glorified folly on a hill. This wonderful sculpture, never intended for outdoor weathering, is perishing before our eyes. Kilpeck has been more fortunate. This church, built about 1175 and wisely restored in the nineteenth century, is an unrivalled example of its period. Here, pagan and Christian overlap. While you study the south doorway think of the pagan refrain of 'The Holly and the Ivy'—

The rising of the sun  
And the running of the deer

—which binds the Christian verses. It will help you to understand the rich spawning life which twists and writhes over the jambs, and runs, medallion-like, round the moulded orders of the doorway. For at Kilpeck, pagan and Christian symbols jostle each other, so that you get the goddess of fertility frankly displaying herself in the corbel-table under the eaves outside, and the apostles and Agnus Dei inside.

Christianity, twelve centuries after the birth of Christ, seems to have made little impression on the heart and mind of the sculptors. The mood is one of fear and superstition; the emphasis is on the dark and crawling things of wet forest places, on misshapen, unborn creatures with hairless, egg-shaped heads, sad eyes and drooping mouths. There are animals of the chase and captivity, creatures of imagined horror, dragons spewing forth half-digested matter, serpents swallowing each other. There are the signs of the Zodiac and the Phoenix: and symbols of nightmare timelessness like the strange amorphous musician playing on his rebek. The Christian symbols are pitifully few in number and the figures somehow seem lost and bewildered.

But the exuberance of life which these carvings display is astonishing and contagious. It has little to do with architectural propriety, and by this I mean that the sculptor does not seem to care whether the ornamentation is an integral part of the building. It is unrestrained, undisciplined, riotous—imagination let loose for once. It delights in ornament for its own sake, and plenty of it. There is no parallel to these Herefordshire carvings. They are unique.

—From a talk in the Midland Home Service



The font at Castle Frome, which 'seems to clamour for hot Italian sunshine'  
*National Buildings Record*



## Short Story

## Hide and Seek

By GILBERT PHELPS

**I** KNOW what!' Gordon cried, 'let's play "Hide and Seek"!'  
Ruth smiled. The holiday was certainly doing him good, and she was thankful to see this return to his normal self. 'Gordon has never lost the spontaneous joy of childhood!' his mother used to say. 'It's his most endearing quality'.

It was true. At parties, when people were standing about gossiping, he would suddenly start to organise games, and enter into them with such infectious zest that soon everybody would join in. At the end of the evening they would all say that they hadn't enjoyed themselves so much for years, thanks to dear old Gordon.

He was clambering over the stile now. 'Go on!' he said. 'Turn your back and count a hundred!'

Obediently she turned and began to count. Gordon set out across the field with his quick, eager steps. He was slight in build, and graceful in his movements. In her tweeds and stout walking shoes Ruth looked almost clumsy by comparison. Her figure was compact, and she held herself stiffly so that she seemed thicker at hips and shoulders than she really was. Her face was rather broad, with a large mouth and a firm chin. Her complexion was pale, but clear and luminous. About her whole expression there was a kind of suspended stillness.

As she counted she leaned back against the stile. To her left the road rose sharply over a bridge, and just beyond it a big long-distance motor coach was parked along the grass verge. The bonnet was open and the driver and the conductor were making some adjustment to the engine. Every time they tapped with their spanners a tinkling noise came to her, the sound thinned out by the summer atmosphere. Some of the passengers were leaning over the wall of the bridge, looking down into the stream, above which, to a depth of several feet, the heat and the innumerable insects formed a vibrating gauze.

When she had finished counting she climbed the stile. Calmly, and deliberately, she began looking for Gordon. As she had suspected, he was not easy to find. He had a flair for this kind of game. She came upon him at last, lying at the bottom of an old furrow, at a point where the earth had been scraped away for some purpose. He was skilfully camouflaged with wisps of straw, and she almost stumbled over him. When her foot struck him, he laughed. He did not move until she had bent down, and carefully removed all the wisps of straw, and laid her hand on him . . . Then he got up, and hurried away to the stile without a word.

Ruth started to look for a hiding place for herself. She began to feel light-hearted, and she gave a quick laugh. She remembered the games of 'Hide and Seek' she had played as a child. She recalled the scampering up and down the steps of the loft, the scrambling among the cabbages, the thrill of finding a new place to hide—and the loneliness, half pleasurable, half frightening as one waited, through the still interminable minutes, to be found. . . .

She discovered a good place behind an abandoned harrow, but before she had properly settled down she heard Gordon coming. He must have hurried through his counting. She lay still, hardly daring to breathe, suppressing the temptation to burst into an excited laugh . . . She was disappointed when he found her almost straight away. . . .

She returned to the stile rather slowly and, when she had finished counting, turned and paused for a moment. There was no sign of Gordon. The half-cut field of corn stretched out in front of her. The stooks, placed at regular intervals, looked almost orange against the silvery albino of the stubble. All the way round on the sides of the hills which encircled the field there were these stretches of pale stubble which at this distance looked like soft white sand, with the stooks sticking up like rocks, and flowing into them were the waves of uncut corn which rippled whenever the breeze combed through them.

She realised that she was tired. It had been a hard year. Gordon had been very ill after the death of his mother—who had indeed foreseen that this might be the consequence. 'Thank goodness' she used to say to Ruth, who nursed her through her last illness, 'thank goodness he will have you to look after him when I'm gone! My dear, I couldn't have

chosen a better wife for him myself! I felt confident that you were the girl for him that very first time when you came into the house collecting for that children's fund of yours—in fact that's exactly what I told him . . . Yes, he will need someone like you after I'm gone! Dear Gordon! You know what he is: always up and down: tears one minute, smiles the next. Really, you know, he's still an urchin—the eternal "gamin" . . . And you, my dear, you're so capable'.

Gordon was taken ill only a few months after his mother's death. Ruth hardly ever left his bedside. She seemed tireless. 'You have saved his life, Mrs. Clare', the family doctor had said at last. 'It's a miracle of woman's love, that's what it is! His own mother couldn't have nursed him more devotedly!'

She had some trouble in finding Gordon this time—and again she had to stoop down and touch him with her fingers before he would admit to being discovered. When he got up his expression was absorbed; his manner towards her was casual, almost abrupt, as if he resented the fact that it was now her turn to hide. And again he found her quickly, and hurried away to find a new and even more difficult hiding place for himself. . . .

Every time when it was her turn to hide he gabbled through his counting, and found her with an impatient, almost contemptuous promptitude. But each time he managed to hide himself more ingeniously, and always he lay curled up in his hiding place, with his knees drawn up to his chin, laughing softly, and looking up at her roguishly over his shoulder, refusing to move until she signalled her discovery by touching him. Once when she called out 'Found you!' he pretended not to hear, and went on lying there, very still, until she went on her knees and gently shook him by the shoulder. Once when she touched him in a perfunctory way he frowned, and she had to go down close to him again and caress him before he would consent to get up from his hiding place . . . But always he discovered her quickly, almost roughly, standing over her with a short laugh as she struggled to her feet. He did not offer her his hand. . . .

She returned to the stile again. Gordon as he left her had a glint in his eye, and she guessed that he had thought of a new hiding place. She suddenly felt weary, and humiliated. She leaned against the stile, and counted very slowly, her lips moving slightly. She found she had an ear of corn in her hand which she had picked as she passed one of the stooks. She pressed it and it felt prickly against the palm of her hand. Her closed eyelids trembled in the glare of the sun. A bird dashed out of a hedge quite close to her and climbed upwards with incredible speed, uttering a single sharp burst of song. A small cloud passed across the sun, sending a shadow chasing like a black hare through the swaying corn and across the stubble: the dark ripple reached up to her face and flowed over it. . . .

She opened her eyes. She saw that the passengers were now all back inside the coach, and the driver was getting into his seat. She looked across the field. There was no sign of Gordon. The stooks stretched out in orderly rows, and beyond was the expanse of uncut corn. One of the stooks shook slightly: a rabbit darted across the stubble. The coach had now turned round on the crown of the hill, and was about to dip down past the stile. She glanced quickly at the field again. An odd little smile touched the corners of her mouth; her jaw tightened. As the coach came level, still moving slowly, she stepped forward and climbed into it.

An anthology of the writings of medical men from the earliest times to the present day comes from Cassells. *Doctors by Themselves*, compiled by Edward F. Griffith, may be said to provide a historical panorama of the growth and progress of medical science. The advance of medicine through the centuries, its emergence from magic and superstition, its important inventions and discoveries, and the changes in custom and technique are described in over eight hundred extracts by the doctors themselves, so that a general view is obtained of their work for the health and happiness of mankind. The book, which contains also a preface by Lord Horder, sixteen pages of illustrations and extensive biographical details of the authors represented, costs one guinea.



# Prehistory and the Public

By R. E. M. WHEELER

LAST year well over a hundred thousand persons paid to enter the trim little compound which nowadays imprisons Stonehenge. When as a small boy I first visited the towering stones they had not yet been so meekly interned; a ragged cart-track straggled familiarly through them, and they stood strong and desolate under a Girtin sky, with all the dignity of independence about them. They were at one with their landscape, eloquent of that unity of past and present, of man and his matrix, upon which Mrs. Hawkes in her new *Guide*\* and elsewhere has vividly insisted. Today they have joined the Civil Service. They are employees of our excellent Ministry of Works, which thoughtfully provides (a very necessary provision) 'two large openwork waste-paper baskets of a kind which conspicuously displays the contents, and it is between this pair of modern amenities that one must walk to the noblest surviving monument of prehistoric Europe'. Well, we can't have it both ways. These two contrasted pictures of Stonehenge fifty years ago and now show fairly what has happened. It is the bear's hug of education. Today, John Citizen is inquisitive about the pit from which he was digged. He buys a quarter of a million copies of several quite difficult little handbooks on antiquity. If he no longer has a car, bicycles and buses and aeroplanes take him everywhere, and a more or less guided curiosity does the rest.

This increasing interest in the past is sometimes frowned upon as a symptom of decadence. A vital society on the upgrade is supposed to concern itself exclusively with the future. That is of course complete nonsense, though even Mrs. Hawkes may seem to weaken for a moment on this point. 'It is plain that we have now reached a stage in our development, in our decay perhaps, at which a knowledge of our origins, an ability to re-identify ourselves with them, has come to satisfy an emotional and intellectual need. The relics of our past, therefore, by which in part the need is satisfied have been drawn back into the current of life...' I would recast that sentence, certainly omitting the phrase 'in our decay', a phrase in which I suspect the writer herself has no great belief. There could surely be no more manifest index of the essential robustness of our modern age than the urgent tendency to enlarge our intellectual horizon, to embrace life in three dimensions, to unify past, present and future. Indeed Mrs. Hawkes has recently written a very fine book (*A Land*) to demonstrate this three-dimensional unity of life and proto-life. Every visitor who drops his orange-peel into one of the capacious baskets at Stonehenge is in reality accessory to her, and she may look forward complacently to the day when a third basket has to be added.

Her present book is called *A Guide*, and a guide it is, but of a very special sort. Of the making of guidebooks there is no end, and it might be thought difficult to invent a new category. The older ciceroni, from Pausanias to Pennant, were essentially explorers. The reader shared the writer's delighted surprise as each new marvel was revealed to him, and paused with him to mop his brow at a restful stile. Herr Baedeker was of a different and sterner build. He did not accompany the reader, he marched relentlessly in front, from time to time ordering 'Eyes right'

or 'Eyes left' and barking out authoritative instruction. Both categories were right. But so is Mrs. Hawkes, who combines the two and adds the imaginative distinction which characterises all her writing. She covers a vast field, but finds time to observe the Winchester boys bird-nesting on St. Catharine's Hill, to recall a pleasant domestic scene with her baby son on Quarley Hill, or to rediscover O. G. S. Crawford on a Welsh mountain frizzling a mixture of bacon, chocolate and onions for his lunch. Such *nugae* provide necessary little breathing-spaces, which punctuate the book and help to promote it from a catalogue to a

work of art. Not that its primary function is ever unduly delayed by these asides. Sites of notable importance, or otherwise of interest to the author, are described factually enough, though always with light touch. Stupendous Avebury is a good example, or the rather insignificant Roll-right Stones, where a multitude of legendary stories and customs reminds us that 'the past has left marks deep in the human mind as real as the tangible marks which we search out among our fields and hills'. A gentle nostalgic undertone recurs throughout the book and gives it no small part of



Lanyon Quoit, Cornwall  
From 'A Guide to the Prehistoric and Roman Monuments in England and Wales'

its rather wistful charm. Beech-clad Chanctonbury Ring, for instance, a Sussex landmark without exceptional intrinsic quality, is a childhood memory 'where the past lives with some peculiar power'. On the other hand, Roman monuments tend to betray the dragging pen. 'I suppose that I have some prejudice against Roman sites as places of pilgrimage', she confesses, 'a prejudice due to a conviction that I know the kind of life that went on in barracks and private houses, a rational and commercial kind of life not altogether unlike our own. The monuments left by prehistoric man are attractive partly because they represent ways of feeling and action never fully to be comprehended by ourselves. The best that can usually be expected of Roman remains is that they provoke wonder and admiration for the indomitable will of the rational man—an emotion to which I, personally am not greatly susceptible'. Many of us may feel much sympathy with that view. At least the cards are on the table.

The guide comprises an introductory description of the principal types of remains, chapters on the land of Britain and on the succession of peoples who have occupied it, topographical surveys by regions, and a gazetteer of 600 names. It should be emphasised, however, that the book is a good deal more than a mere itinerary for the traveller's knapsack. Its qualities are such that it can, and indeed must, be read as a part of the story of our land.

The latest addition to the series of booklets called 'The Arts in Britain' which the Arts Council has been publishing through Longmans is entitled *Music 1945-1950* by Frank Howes, price 2s. 6d. This is a sequel to *Music since 1939* by Rollo H. Myers, which appeared earlier in the same series. In the present booklet Mr. Howes surveys the state of music in post-war Britain and gives a detailed description of the work done by the Arts Council and the British Council to further and assist the cause of music at home and abroad. *Music 1945-1950* was preceded a few weeks ago by *The Novel 1945-1950* by P. H. Newby, and will be followed next month by *Drama 1945-1950* by J. C. Trewin. All the booklets are illustrated.

\* *A Guide to the Prehistoric and Roman Monuments in England and Wales*. By Jacquetta Hawkes. Chatto and Windus. 18s.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Inhuman Land. By Joseph Czapski. Chatto and Windus. 16s.

IT IS ONLY in recent years that the majority of us have come to realise the magnitude of the military disaster that befell the Soviet Union in the months following the Nazi attack of June 22, 1941.

In assessing any account of war-time Russia, we must remember the enormous weight of the blows that were falling upon a state which was vast in extent and still only half-grown technologically. To have avoided total collapse, to have kept the nation's armies, industries and communications in being, let alone to have stemmed the German onrush and to have counter-attacked victoriously, must have entailed an amount of suffering and an exercise of will for which, to us in the West, only the word 'inhuman' seems adequate.

'Inhuman' rather than 'superhuman', for—and this is the essence of M. Czapski's testimony—the leaders of the Soviet Union judged it necessary to disregard all normal standards of humanity in driving their exhausted, bleeding, tormented people towards victory. What makes the spectacle terrifying is that they spent lives and exacted effort not only with Asiatic prodigality, but with what appears as an Asiatic lack of pity. They, no doubt, would point to victory, in our cause as well as their own, as entire justification. The task of judgment is a hideous one and most Westerners can only recoil from it, unable, as M. Czapski is unable, to concede that any earthly circumstances can justify the total brutality of outlook to which *The Inhuman Land* testifies.

M. Czapski's book is unique in two respects. Its author, as a Polish officer engaged on a humanitarian mission, was permitted to travel unescorted over wide areas of the Soviet Union throughout 1942; and it is the work of an artist, a fact of which we are reminded not only by M. Czapski's record as a painter, but by the dignity and perception with which his book is written. It tells of the sufferings endured by Polish prisoners-of-war in Russia from 1939 to 1941, of the ingathering of the Poles after the German invasion of Russia to form a new army, nobly ready despite all their torments to fight side by side with the Russians, and of the final heartbreaking exodus to Iran.

It does not appear from M. Czapski's narrative that the terrible treatment of the Poles arose from Russian vindictiveness or that it was a matter of deliberate policy. Throughout the story, amid the chaos of Soviet near-collapse, the Russians themselves live in the same atmosphere of starvation, epidemic disease and police terrorism as the Poles. On the other hand, M. Czapski mentions significantly that he came across a young Pole, a brilliant pianist, who had been sent by the Russians with a scholarship to the Moscow Conservatoire of Music.

M. Czapski admires and understands the Russians, for all his hatred of their regime. A student of their culture, speaking their language fluently, equipped with the experience of past travels in Russia, he is admirably qualified to analyse the material which his war-time journeys presented to him.

He spoke to hundreds of Russians, in the enforced intimacy of long train journeys and in the privacy of their homes. He met Alexei Tolstoy, wealthy, expansive, wary, like a courtier riding the tide of favour but uncertain of his future. He met Madame Akhmatova, the poet, a sad, quiet woman who then enjoyed pro-

tection because 'Stalin professed great admiration for one of her poems', but whose downfall has since been made public. He obtained a reliable account of the imprisonment and death of N. I. Vavilov, the world-famous geneticist. He obtained several interviews with chiefs of the Secret Police, sleek, arrogant and machiavellian characters living, in the midst of famine, in closely-guarded and luxurious seclusion. He records many minor but significant encounters: with the Red Army conscript cursing his political commissar, with famished and apathetic peasants, with charming, fanatical and mentally unapproachable young Soviet officers, and with the Russian doctors and nurses who gave their lives nursing Polish typhus patients.

The portraits and dialogues that he presents, with the revealing eye and the unmistakable veracity of an artist, are more effective than any political survey in exposing the real heart of Russia.

## The Submerged Village and Other Poems By James Kirkup. Oxford. 7s. 6d.

This is Mr. Kirkup's second book of poems—his first, *The Drowned Sailor*, was published in 1947. There is no doubt that his poetry has made good progress—it is now more assured, better organised and, on the whole, less wilful. Most important, there is a more frequent concreteness, both of language and subject-matter. Such poems as the title poem, 'Durham Seen from the Train', and 'View of the Town Hall, South Shields' make their unusual points with an imaginativeness that is articulated with excellent observation.

It is disconcerting, therefore, to find Mr. Kirkup's other manner—the disembodied Shelleyan fantasy, the poetic words for their own sake—still being practised. The present volume ends with a long poem, dated in 1950, which for all its fluency and resource of language, is still marked by the adolescent violence and lack of meaning which spoiled so much of *The Drowned Sailor*.

Mr. Kirkup may lose this manner in the natural fullness of time. But he will, for quite a while, have consciously to guard against overwriting and the dangerous word, even in his more cerebral poetry. 'The fire twists warm fingers in its smoky hair' is a nice phrase but it is perilously near sentimentality. 'All instruments attuned to one eternal pitch' and 'my heart's loud hell' are phrases in which words have taken command and ensured a stock poetic response (indeed, Mr. Kirkup lets words like 'heart' pop out far too easily). And quite a number of adjectives could have been removed from this book without loss.

There are signs that perhaps Mr. Kirkup's experience is not matching up to his poetic ambition and skill with language. It is noteworthy that several poems are about—mainly descriptive of—pictures: they are well done but this is after all a second-hand way of writing poetry. And when Mr. Kirkup is presented with a piece of complicated technical experience he can write a poem worthy of it—as the remarkable poem about a surgical operation which appeared recently in *THE LISTENER*, 'A Correct Compassion'.

Mr. Kirkup has many problems to solve of art and life but it must be said in his favour that the work of few young poets today raises any problems at all. And while this volume does not fulfil the interest aroused by the appearance

of individual poems during the last few years it is always serious and honest and, in the best sense of the word, promising.

## Individual Differences in Colour Vision By R. W. Pickford.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

The study of colour defect and of variations in colour vision is one field in which individual differences are readily revealed, and as the ability to discriminate colour is so essential in different vocations, the practical importance of the problem cannot be questioned. Dr. Pickford is one of the latest to enter the field, and he reveals in his writings the joy he has experienced as an explorer. He has carried out extensive research on different aspects of colour variations, the findings of which appear in this published work.

The book is well written, and the results clearly set down. The writer has been frank about the problems which faced him at intervals during his research and the attempts made at overcoming them. Although the book is interesting to read, investigators in the field of colour vision may not be in entire agreement with all the statements made nor with some of the conclusions drawn, and may, in fact, be a little uneasy now and again at some of the methods adopted in the experiments. The object of the research was threefold: (1) to set up a satisfactory test or tests of colour vision; (2) to examine the results obtained and their bearing on theories of colour vision; (3) to study the inheritance of individual differences of colour vision. In all, over 1,100 subjects were tested.

One of Dr. Pickford's worries when conducting these investigations was to find a test of colour discrimination which could be regarded as entirely satisfactory. He tried a number of the better-known colour-blindness tests but found none which could be used to reveal slight deviations from the normal and at the same time to diagnose colour blindness. Tests used at the present day only differentiate between the normal and gross cases of colour blindness, but are unable either to show variations in normal colour vision or variations within the colour-blind group. The well-known Ishihara test falls down in this respect, and has only limited value according to Dr. Pickford. This led him to devise a test of his own, the four-colour test, for which he claims a great deal. In writing of it, he states that when compared with other tests of colour vision, its 'efficiency, reliability, validity and scientific adequacy are vastly superior. It is also much more competent as an instrument of scientific research on colour vision than any colour test known to the writer'. These are extensive claims.

The four-colour test devised by Dr. Pickford is a modification of the Rayleigh colour matching test. In the preliminary investigations, rotating colour discs were used in which red and green sectors were required to be equated to a yellow which was adjusted to the necessary brightness with variable sectors of black and white. In the four-colour test, the colour papers are replaced by colour filters. In carrying out these experiments Dr. Pickford used the method of limits, a well-known psycho-physical method, but he adopted a different technique which he describes in detail. For each subject he measured the range of possible equations by finding how many equations could be obtained if the brightness of the yellow was varied. This involved the subject in matching two colours for brightness



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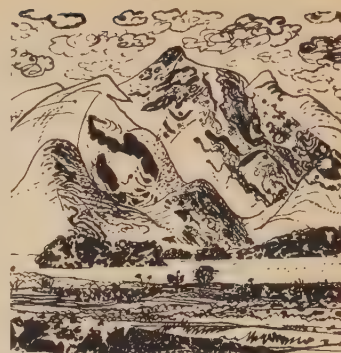
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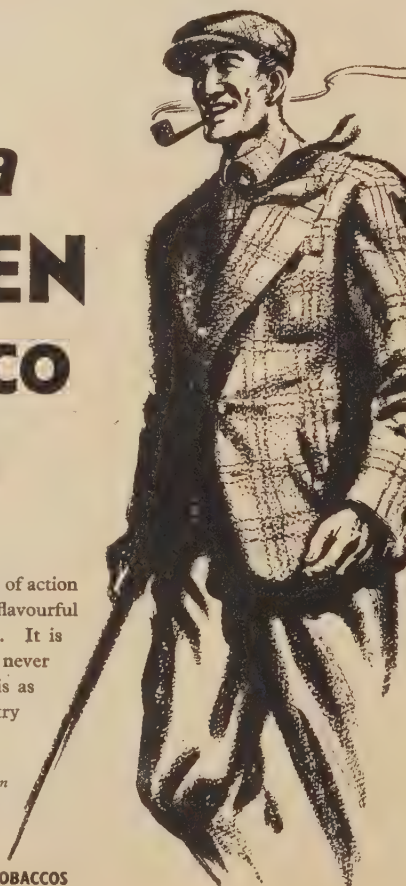
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as apart from hue; not an easy task, and one liable to error. With the same test and using the same technique, the investigation was extended to blues and yellows. Interesting deviations occurred, and the existence of considerable weakness to these two colours was revealed. Again, the difficulty in equating brightnesses of different colours may have some bearing on the results obtained. The advantage of the four-colour test is that it can be used, as the Rayleigh equation test was used, for testing all grades of colour vision from variations in normal colour vision to differing degrees of colour blindness. It can also pick out the colour weak and the colour anomalous. The amount of deviation can be expressed in terms of sigma.

The classification of individual variations in colour vision is made into six groups: (1) total colour blindness; (2) acquired colour blindness; (3) red-green major defects, which includes anomalous colour vision; (4) red-green minor defects; (5) yellow-blue defects (always minor); (6) exaggerated fatiguability. This latter 'may be a separate form of defect, independent or combined with any other weakness, and might be totally sex-linked'. The results of the experiments led Dr. Pickford to a theory of colour vision which requires four primary sensations for hue, and one for brightness. He found that to regard individuals with normal colour vision as trichromatic is not convincing. Four primaries are required: red, green, yellow and blue. Yellow 'is a sensation of unique and irreducible quality'. His results seem to support the Hering theory as modified by Houstoun.

Other problems of colour vision are also discussed, such as the inheritance of colour vision, sex differences, hair and skin coloration, frequencies, etc. The author hopes to organise a survey of the colour vision of at least 10,000 men and boys and as many women and girls in the British Isles, and is of the opinion that such a survey would have considerable practical and theoretical value. Dr. Pickford also describes at length the usual subsidiary cues made use of by the colour defective and well known to all investigators. It is useful to give these prominence, however, if only to reveal the pitfalls into which inexperienced testers may fall.

The investigations described have been carefully carried out, and are to be commended. The writer has an easy style in writing, and describes in detail each stage of his research which is painstaking and thorough. He emphasises the need for individual testing of colour defect, and attempts to justify the use of approved psycho-physical methods. The book should prove invaluable to all who are concerned with the technique of testing the colour blind, and stimulating to all interested in the many problems of colour vision.

**William Blake. By H. M. Margoliouth.**  
Oxford: Home University Library. 5s.

The literature on William Blake has now attained the proportions of a considerable library, and most of the recent additions to it, especially those of specialists like Dr. Geoffrey Keynes, have been concerned with such minutiae of biography and documentation that a fresh general survey, incorporating whatever of significance emerges from these studies, had become highly desirable for the general student. This is the task Mr. Margoliouth set himself, and on the whole he has discharged it admirably.

He has added his own few new facts concerning Blake's family; but the great merit of his book is that, although he writes for the student of literature, he rightly emphasises the fact that Blake's texts and illustrations are inseparable parts of his creative activity and must be studied together—an obvious point which is only too often ignored. The students of Blake's paintings,

drawings and engravings are generally the worst sinners in this respect, and they have consequently over-estimated the relative importance of these works in comparison with the colour prints which form integral parts of Blake's books. It is in these last that much of Blake's most powerful and individual work is to be found.

Mr. Margoliouth's approach is a valuable corrective, but he does not yet go quite far enough; some of the most intense and expressive of the illustrations to *Urizen*, for instance, remain without a mention, and the book contains no considered estimate of Blake's relationship as an artist to his contemporaries, such as Fuseli, Stothard, Flaxman, Barry, Mortimer, or to the principal sources of his style, the prints after Michelangelo, Raphael and Dürer. 'Perhaps it was impossible to get all that into a small book of predetermined format. At any rate, Mr. Margoliouth is moving in the right direction.

### Classical Dances and Costumes of India

By Kay Ambrose. Black. 25s.

### Indian Dancing. By Ram Gopal and Serozh Dadachanji. Phoenix. 16s.

During the last ten years, the Indian dancer, Ram Gopal, has proved himself an outstanding interpreter of traditional Indian culture. His aim has been to bring the four great styles of Indian dancing to Western notice—not as mere forms of archaic exoticism but as types of art possessing a profound appeal to contemporary minds. Such an enterprise might, at first sight, have seemed destined for failure. Bharat Natyam (the temple dance of Southern India) with its grave dignity and close dependence on the worship of Siva, Kathakali (the dance-drama of Malabar) with its towering masks, its billowing costumes and intense preoccupation with ancient epical themes, Kathak (the gay and swirling dance of Northern India) with its 'tinsel brilliance', even Manipuri with its sagging skirts and simple village rhythms might all have seemed too exotic in their basic conceptions for Western appreciation. Yet, in spite of such apparent difficulties, all four kinds have evoked enthusiasm from English audiences. The explanation must obviously be sought in various directions, but the factor chiefly responsible is undoubtedly the artistic personality of Ram Gopal himself. Here is a dancer whose supple fluid style is so charged with poetry, so imbued with suave magnetic charm, that through his renderings the great traditional forms have gained a new vitality. In many theatre-goers the basic conceptions may still induce considerable perplexity. That, none the less, they have responded to the art is an indication of Ram Gopal's extraordinary gifts.

*Classical Dances and Costumes of India* is an admirable attempt at broadening appreciation. Miss Ambrose is already well known as a sensitive critic of Western ballet. She was so entranced, however, by Ram Gopal's expressive powers that she made a prolonged tour of India in order to study the Indian dance in its various traditional settings. The result is a book which even the humblest of dance-enthusiasts can read with ease, profit and understanding. Nothing is taken for granted and in an engagingly conversational manner and with the aid of numerous incisive sketches, Miss Ambrose makes vividly clear the Indian approach to all these forms of dance. The meaning of finger movements, the role of face and eyes, the general structure of each type, the significance of the subject whether it is Siva, Krishna, Ram or Sita, and above all, the precise emotional attitudes implied by different forms are all discussed with quite unusual understanding. As a popular introduction to the study, her book could hardly be bettered.

*Indian Dancing* by Serozh Dadachanji and Ram Gopal himself takes the study an important stage further. Points of technique are carefully examined and there is a particularly valuable analysis of hand-gestures. In many cases these are fully illustrated with impressive photographs and the book can thus be used not only as an exposition of basic principles but also as a theatre-goer's dictionary. Such gestures, however, are only the alphabet of dancing and the authors stress how each performer must emotionally identify himself with his theme and even, for the time being, *live* his role. Indian dancing, in fact, could be defined as an intensely expressive form of poetic miming and it is because its rhythms so evidently communicate emotion that audiences, irrespective of race, can respond to its forms. But classicism by itself is obviously not enough, and the authors insist that side by side with preserving the ancient technique, the themes of dancing should be brought into line with contemporary life. Such an adjustment has already been achieved in modern Indian painting in the work of Jamini Roy and George Keyt and we can confidently expect that a similarly successful style—fully contemporary in its robust precision and invigorating poetry—will shortly emerge in Indian dancing also. Meanwhile the traditional dance is here to be enjoyed—in all its supple beauty—and as a short but authoritative guide to its principles, the book of Ram Gopal and Serozh Dadachanji is of exceptional importance.

### Cave Men New and Old

By Norbert Casteret. Dent. 16s.

### Subterranean Chambers

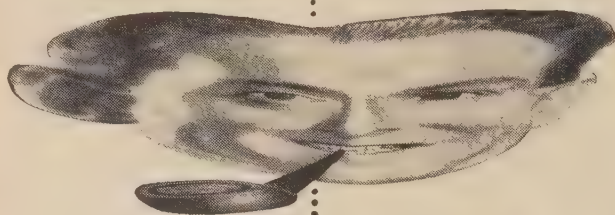
By Pierre Chevalier. Faber. 15s.

Norbert Casteret is one of the pioneers of French caving; moreover he can write an excellent narrative of action and suspense. In this new book, the third of his to be translated, he first of all describes the exploration of the *Crot de la Henne Morte*—the Dead Woman's Pot—in the Pyrenees. So far as is known at present, the Dead Woman's Pot is tenth among the deepest cave systems of the world, with a total descent of 1,460 feet. Yorkshire pot-holes are woodpecker's nests by comparison.

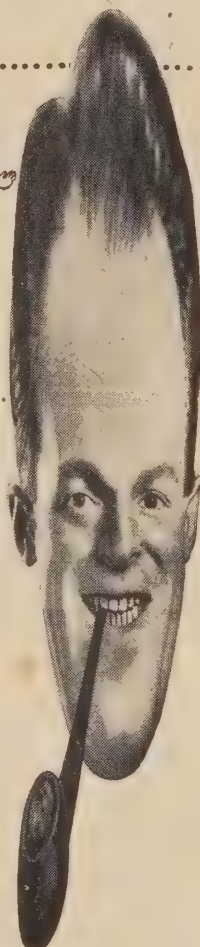
The pot opens in surroundings of the 'wildest disorder' among tangled pine trees and boulders—a scene suggesting the mouth of hell in the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, though lit by no golden bough. A mouth shaped like a monstrous arum lily, 260 feet across one way and 160 feet the other, narrows into the darkness, into which two cavers made a trial descent in 1940. A depth of 260 feet was their limit. In 1941 M. Casteret and these two cavers added nearly 160 feet. They made a second descent the same year until they ran out of ladder lengths. A waterfall still poured on below. Three descents in 1942 pushed the limit down to 850 feet. In 1943 and 1946 the Dead Woman's Pot was giving way, though not without resistance and the infliction of casualties. In 1947 a hugely organised assault overcame a waterfall 300 feet long and reached the bottom, the no-further, the 'impenetrable closing up of the walls' where the river vanished into a drawer-like fissure in the rock.

M. Casteret's account makes a fine adventure story of mountaineering upside down. In 1942 he had been defeated by the buffeting of the water when he was a hundred feet down the first cascade. By this time the pot was clearly enormous enough to rank high and M. Casteret and his friends were wondering whether it might not prove the deepest pot-hole in France. Then with dismay they heard that Pierre Chevalier and a team of cavers had descended the pot-hole of *Le Trou du Glaz* in the Grande Chartreuse to an immense depth, linking it up

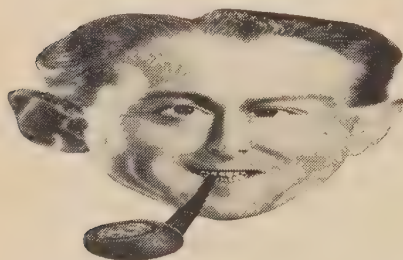




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with an underlying cavern. The book by M. Chevalier tells the whole story of an exploration which went on through twelve years. It was wound up four years ago when the cavers at last crossed underground, right through their limestone mountain, from plateau to cave. With a total drop of 2,157 feet this at present is the

world's cave record. Pierre Chevalier sparsely confines himself to endeavour, ingenuity, danger, fatigue and success. Both of these accounts hold you in a vice to the end, though Norbert Casteret writes the more richly. He is frank in being possessed by the mystery of caves. After the Dead Woman's Pot, he fervently de-

scribes how the Mass was celebrated at the foot of another vast pot-hole in the Pyrenees, and then he writes about caves in mythology and religion. This final part is disappointing—much inferior, for example, to the article on caves which Boyd Dawkins wrote for the older editions of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

## New Novels

Porius. John Cowper Powys. Macdonald. 15s.

The Disenchanted. By Budd Schulberg. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

The Catcher in the Rye. By T. D. Salinger. Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

The West Pier. By Patrick Hamilton. Constable. 12s. 6d.

MR. JOHN COWPER POWYS is perhaps the least easy to place of all contemporary English writers. The whole Powys family, indeed, not merely defy classification but would seem to inhabit an element in which classification is unknown. From time to time certain fearless explorers have ventured an estimate of their powers; but these estimates, when examined in the doubtless corrupt air of the capital, have appeared not to conform to any known standard of measurement. Yet Llewellyn Powys' letters to Mr. Kenneth Hopkins are the equal of Rilke's *Letters to a Young Poet*: Mr. T. F. Powys is no mean *conteur*; and Mr. John Cowper Powys has at least the scale of a great writer. His books have been less noticed than those of any other living English writer of comparable importance; but now, in his seventy-ninth year, he has produced a mammoth historical novel, *Porius*. It is set in the year A.D. 499; and it is perhaps to lead us gently into the right frame of mind that its publishers have garnished the jacket with a photograph in which Mr. Powys is posed against a landscape of prehistoric grandeur. The image that greets one is that of some disquieting menhir which has sat among comfortless mountains since the beginning of time. We must take heart, however. The image is quite false; Mr. Powys' true countenance is that of a man consummately himself and not at all disquieting.

It is quite early in the 682 pages of *Porius* that Mr. Powys' hero, reflecting on the legend of the Mithras Bull, remarks to himself that 'the human imagination must never be robbed of its power to tell itself other stories, and thus to create a different future'. The story of *Porius* is certainly different—in so far, at least, as few people will know it in advance—and Mr. Powys tells it with a leisurely Wagnerian conviction that, in the end, captures our interest and overrides any difficulties of surface which may be presented by the strangeness of the matter and the rapt, demanding style of its presentation. Britain after the Roman withdrawal is the scene; the theme is the disintegration of values which follows when long-cherished gods depart and the future is heavy with the prospect of human disaster upon an unpredictable scale. Populous as a Shakespearean History, *Porius* never loses sight of the philosophical crisis in the mind of its principal character. There is true grandeur of ambition in this book; and although Mr. Powys never stresses the analogies of his theme, there is never any question where he is leading us. In the final pages *Porius* emerges from his many symbolic ordeals; convinced of 'how absolutely alone in this chaos of things was every single soul, whether of insect or worm or reptile or fish or beast or bird or man or god', he decides that 'such a chance-ruled chaos of souls, none of them without some fellow-feeling, some kindliness, at least to their offspring, at least to their friends, is a better

thing than a world of blind authority, a world ruled by one Caesar, or one God, or one—'.

Mr. Powys is so deliberately timeless in his speech and his subject that even the ever-accommodating title of 'novelist' seems hardly appropriate to both him and Scott Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald's charm is still very largely that of his period—combined, no doubt, with a pervading sweetness of sentiment that is saved from cloying by a fastidious regard for disagreeable truths. Ten years after his death, Fitzgerald has taken his place—that of a minor Verlaine or an enlarged Francis Thompson—among the symbolic figures of the last hundred years. Like Dick Diver in *Tender is the Night*, he is a man whose disasters incriminate us all. A little more talent, and a little less luck, and there goes Professor A. B. C., who is translating the Koran for the Third Programme, or Sir X. Y. Z. who is adapting 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' for Tennent's.

Mr. Budd Schulberg's *The Disenchanted* is a novel about Fitzgerald. His publishers leave the question open, but it is a matter of history that Mr. Schulberg collaborated with Fitzgerald on the script for a projected film about the Dartmouth Winter Carnival. This disastrous enterprise dates from the last years of Fitzgerald's life, when he was attempting to pay off his debts and support his demented wife and under-graduate daughter by a few months' lucrative activity in Hollywood. Mr. Schulberg inadvertently persuaded him to resume drinking, and their assignment ended in a five-day drinking bout which raged over a considerable part of the United States and ended for Fitzgerald in a series of public humiliations and a week in hospital. Fitzgerald has recently been the subject of what is, within the limits of the law, a complete and authentic biography by Mr. Arthur Mizener. As an account of Fitzgerald, the Mizener version is the better in every respect. Fitzgerald was a man who gave himself away with a probing severity that no novelist could better; and where Mr. Schulberg departs altogether from the truth (as in his account of Fitzgerald's first meeting with his wife) there is an unmistakable falseness of tone in his narrative. But, as against this, no Clydeside riveter can hit the nail more sharply on the head than Mr. Schulberg when he is describing his own experience; the opening scenes of the book, the drunken flight across America, and the slow disintegration of Halliday-Fitzgerald among the uncaring revels of a provincial university—all these are beautifully realised. For those who know nothing of Fitzgerald, this book offers a *Lost Weekend* of Edwardian proportions. For those who esteem *The Great Gatsby* as one of the best novels of the last fifty years, it is a book which, without quite catching the particular resonance of Fitzgerald's earlier life, is right there in the ring with a good deal that Mr. Mizener perforce passes over in half-a-dozen lines.

*The Catcher in the Rye* is as anti-romantic as

Fitzgerald's early novels were romantic. Where Fitzgerald had studied Henry James and Edith Wharton, and still occasionally courted the confident architecture of the nineteenth-century sentence, Mr. Salinger writes in a carefully-modulated but wholly contemporary *parlando*. His is the art which denies art; but the wit, the conversational ease, and the cunning ellipses of his method bespeak an attention to rhythm and to the details of narrative which the older writers would have been the first to recognise. The book is about a boy of seventeen who is expelled from school several days before the end of term. Unwilling to go home before the normal date, he wanders about in a December 'cold as a witch's teat', migrates to New York, endures various hideously comical vicissitudes in the hotels and bars of that unfriendly capital, breaks into his parents' home at night, and ends up by regretting not merely the sad adventure itself, but the impulse that first led him to describe it. 'Don't ever tell anybody anything' is his final advice to us. 'If you do, you start missing everybody'. *The Catcher in the Rye* is outwardly the least pretentious of books, but Mr. Salinger plants all his characters with the trowel-fingers of a master-gardener; the other boys, the masters, the liftman, the prostitute, the girl-friend and the sad little sister with her love of roundabouts, dancing and belching—all are caught with something more than a beginner's skill.

Mr. Patrick Hamilton is not a beginner, of course, but a practised observer of the more disreputable aspects of English life. In *The West Pier* he presents us with the first volume of what will doubtless be called a 'contemporary Rake's Progress'—the life-history, that is to say, of a designing and initially successful rogue. There is a sociological gloss to Mr. Hamilton's investigation of the Brighton scene. Does he perhaps nudge and interfere too often? I think he does. We can all judge for ourselves of the character of the abominable Gorse and the lack of character of the unfortunate shop-assistant whose emotions he exploits. But there is a classical neatness about his exposition; within the basic economy of his *données* he provides a surprising amount of diverting and relevant incident; and as a picture of restricted lives and undeveloped emotions *The West Pier* will do pretty well.

I should like to signal, among several other interesting reprints, that of Faulkner's *Soldiers' Pay*, for instance, and the re-issue of Mr. William Plomer's *Sado* (Chatto and Windus, 6s.). This novel, first published in 1931, is a study of the effect upon a sensitive European of intimate contact with conflicting elements in Japanese life. Readers of Mr. Plomer's autobiography *Double Lives* will recognise in *Sado* a first handling of memorable material which later was reviewed in more objective style; and every novel-reader will admire, I think, Mr. Plomer's delicate and un-arrogant insight into an alien civilisation.

JOHN RUSSELL



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

## TELEVISION

### Interjected Items

'THEN, AT NINE-FIFTY, after the ballet, we have a surprise for you'. It is not easy to decide who says it with more charm, Sylvia Peters with her fairy queen smile, or Mary Malcolm, less radiant but obviously no less sincere. Unfortunately, it is a formula which often disappoints the expectations it excites. Last Friday night's surprise, disdaining the topicality to which television should be particularly sensitive, brought us an interview with a sixteen-stone Channel swimming coach who was talking about an event which for many viewers had by then lost its news savour. The mistake was in labelling it as a surprise, even though it was not in the advertised programmes. It should have been given out as an interview and left at that. Having moved an objection and, one hopes, had it carried unanimously, one can go on to say that the interview, though belated, was interesting and worth its time. The coach, Sam Rockett, has a good television presence and answered Frank Covan's questions informatively and with no overpowering show of self-assurance. It was instructive to hear that sheer weight may get a swimmer farther than mere muscularity and that the Channel victor this year, for all his bulk, trained largely on nuts and fruit. But how much more to the point that kind of information would have been on the day, or even the day before.

These interjected items, if rarely endorsing the surprise element in life, are to be encouraged in television. They impart vivacity to one's viewing. There was the unannounced interview the other evening with Clifton Utley, the

American foreign affairs expert, just arrived. True, he said little that we could not have thought out for ourselves, and the explanation might be quite other than that he had little to say. It is an increasingly noticeable characteristic of American commentators coming to this country that they are at pains to divest themselves of the oracular reputations they have at home. Utley's modesty suited the occasion and Rooney Pelletier, as interviewer, contributed to



Two members of the U.S. Western Amateur Baseball League demonstrating the game in 'A Briefing on Baseball' from the Tithe Farm Sports Ground, Harrow, in Television Sports Magazine of August 15



Water-skiing demonstration during the *Daily Mirror* Festival of Britain Motor-boat Racing Championships on the Chelsea Reach of the Thames, televised on August 18. Left: Colonel Carkeet-James, Resident Governor of the Tower of London, with the executioner's axe and block, in the television programme of August 23



the courtesies of it on our behalf. Nothing exceptional resulted from this exchange, but it was a sign of health in B.B.C. Television that its relevancy should have evoked action.

During the fortnight we bade farewell to the season's Test cricket, with the applause for Brown's Oval swipe for six resounding in our sets. We saw snakes at the Zoo (and one of us was subsequently required to placate the nightmare terrors of a junior viewer). We altogether enjoyed the tour of the Tower of London; watching Thames lock activities on a grey yet somehow gay evening; seeing Peter Ustinov speaking personally and more entertainingly than anyone else in that series so far. We considered whether there is sense in 'Country Dish' being accorded peak viewing time when housewives want to forget cooking anything, however luscious. We quite failed to see the point of 'Adventure in Sight'. We liked the Edinburgh Film Festival samples and found the Southend carnival great fun. A policy of giving us several shorter programmes in an evening in place of

two or three longer ones has had our keen approval.

The two Tower programmes were rich in visual experiences, with the Resident Governor an admirably clear-voiced if slightly pedagogic guide. The tear-sodden drama of the execution place came to us poignantly over the centuries and the unidentified fingers running up and down the edge of the axe blade as we watched might have been those of the hand of fate itself, an imaginative camera touch. Wynford Vaughan Thomas is the commentator who knows when to leave off. Vocally in charge on the second night, he did not try to outshine the eloquence of history but wisely left the sombre echoes of tramping feet, reverberating words of command, and rumbling doors to tell much of the story for him.

One is fairly sure that as television advances on its non-entertainment side it will need less rather than more verbal reinforcement. Not every picture tells a story, not every licence-holder is gifted with viewing perspicience, but the camera has more than once lately shown us that it can lay hold of our attention without oral help, that commentators, having set the scene, can safely leave us more often to make sense of what is being unfolded before us. Pictures without words often provide very good viewing, as we discovered again when at the end of a day's Test Match play the cameras tracked out in the wake of the homegoing crowd. There was no commentator, no aural accompaniment save the noise of the streets subdued intermittently by the loud distracting groans of overlaiden trams scudding off into the dusk. It was as if the cobwebs had momentarily been brushed away from a window looking on to Gissing's London; fascinating.

The affinity between that crowd and those of 'Adventure in Sight' has quite escaped us. Seldom has a television series got off to a more confusing start; the patience of a good many viewers must have been severely tried. The programmes, we are told, aim to help us to take more trouble in looking at things, to see more truly. No one can object to that, television audiences least of all. Not very far on, a sense of



futility set in. The thread of the argument was lost in what seemed to be a maze of muddled logic.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### Off Stage

THE PRINCIPAL FIGURE in 'The Daughters of the Late Colonel' is the late Colonel himself. He may be dead; but his spirit rules the house. Even if he sits no longer in his study and thumps his stick on the floor with 'sharp little raps', the daughters he terrorised seem to hear the sound still, as freezing as the tap-tap of blind Pew. The piece (broadcast in the Home Service), which Louis Beachner and Ben Morse have founded on the story by Katherine Mansfield, is not so much a play as a family portrait: a picture of two ageing, frightened women beside an empty chair: Miss Constantia Pinner and Miss Josephine Pinner, possessed by the memory of their father, the late Colonel Pinner, that 'righteous man' who was a surly tyrant. Life with Father, as endured in the Pinner home at Cheltenham, had been, most dismally, 'looking after Father—and, at the same time, trying to keep out of his way'.

These detailed studies of spinsterhood can be cruel and tasteless; but in the tale of the Pinner one felt both pity and terror, thanks largely to the charged imaginations of Barbara Couper and Angela Baddeley as Con and Jug (the emphasis on that diminutive, 'Jug', was as trying as no doubt the authors hoped). Here were the sisters in all their breathless twittering—breathless, but never was twittering more precisely enunciated. Shall Nurse Andrews go? She has a laugh like a spoon tinkling in a medicine-glass. Shall Kate, the maid, go? Sibillant, uneasy whisperings; half-decisions; pathetic preenings; the correct thoughts for any occasion ('We miss our dear Father so much'); proper reactions to the proper remarks; sudden hysterical rebellion; a last surrender to gentility. So life runs in the late Colonel's home. There are many crises, awkward moments. The matter of the Funeral now: six coaches but only four wreaths: the late Colonel had had 'a difference of opinion with the Army'. Then the matter of Father's Watch; the major question of an Affair of the Heart; and, when the crises are over—a world of pathos here—the murmur, 'It's so much nicer—just the two of us'. What of the future? Shuddering, one remembers Sir Osbert Sitwell on the fate of the Misses Cantrell-Cooksey. A listener's gratitude to Miss Baddeley and Miss Couper, and to the producer (Peter Watts), for creating so quietly and perceptively the post-funeral atmosphere of that Cheltenham home: at any moment the late Colonel might have tapped his stick. There was a useful sketch, by Elsa Palmer, of a nurse of fantastic refanement who must have quickened any patient's end.

Aunt Jenifer Varwell is dead by the third act of 'Yellow Sands'; but her memory lingers. Like the late Colonel, she works on, though more benignly. Her will is made, and her will is law—even when she leaves her money to her 'anarchist' nephew, a bit of Red Devon. The play by Eden and Adelaide Phillpotts (Home Service) remains the cream of the Devon comedies. Its fishing-village humours are simple and sufficient: both tea-party and will-reading take kindly to the air. I have known lighter performances than this revival. Some of the people announced themselves too obviously as Grand Character Parts, comic types: they made one conscious that they spoke not to each other but to the microphone. The accents at least were impeccable, no mock wurzel-flummery but truth itself: the voices of Phyllis Smale, Charles E. Stidwill, and Lilian Annear richly summoned Devon. For once, tumbledown Dick Varwell,

that sententious sponger, did not over-master the rest. Indeed the men of Yellow Sands had less quality than the women: Miss Smale's Aunt Jenifer, present or absent, carried the play. We heard little, and this maybe was wise, of the twins, Minnie and Nelly, antiphonal gigglers from the wool-shop in South Brent: the Misses Pinner would have thought them uncommonly odd.

Upon the Third it was James Forsyth's week. All three plays, including 'The Other Heart'—which will have an Old Vic production next spring—have been reviewed in THE LISTENER, so I need repeat only that 'Adelaide' is an amply inventive note on a period, that of Henry the First, rarely met on stage or air.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Cosmos

THE GREEK WORD *cosmos* means order as opposed to disorder and so it came to mean the world, the universe, the order of things as opposed to *chaos*. In a talk called 'The Journey of Poetry' on the Third Programme J. M. Cameron argued that we are not generally aware of our daily life as an ordered whole; that it appears to us rather as a series of unco-ordinated details belonging not to one cosmos but several—the cosmos of science, of economics, of time and so on. But in poetry, he contended, we perceive the true order in which we live. Summarised thus (and I hope I have done so correctly) the talk sounds forbiddingly dry, but in fact it was the very reverse. Mr. Cameron has unusual powers of clear and eloquent exposition and his talk was of that rare kind which refreshes and stimulates mind and imagination. As I listened to him I kept asking myself if his theory could not be applied even more fruitfully to music.

A more easily apprehensible cosmos was presented on the Home Service by George Godwin in a talk called 'Sussex Coppice' in which he described how once in every twelve or fourteen years the Spanish chestnut coppice is cut down and the tall straight undergrowth made into hurdles and hop-poles. I have come upon this activity in a lonely clearing in the woods where a solitary craftsman works away slowly, methodically, contentedly, with no one except me to bother him, occasionally adding a completed hurdle or a few hop-poles or stakes to those neatly piled in their appointed places round about him. It is a fascinating sight and Mr. Godwin made a very pleasant talk of it.

Returning to the cosmos of poetry I must mention a delightful sketch-portrait of Tennyson in old age, 'Tennyson as I Remember Him', by his grandson, Sir Charles Tennyson, who recently published a biography of the poet. Sir Charles was not quite thirteen when Tennyson died and his talk consisted of a few brief but vivid memories and some amusing anecdotes which combined into a lifelike picture differing in many respects from the conventional one. Sir Charles has an easy conversational style perfectly adapted to broadcasting and he concluded with an admirable reading of one of the late poems in the Lincolnshire dialect.

It is not to be expected that a review, and a serious review, of a sociological work by a Professor of Philosophy on the Third Programme will provoke not only broad smiles but audible and repeated chuckles, yet this was the effect on me of W. J. H. Spott's review of *English Life and Leisure*, by B. Seeborn Rowntree and G. R. Lavers. It was first-class light entertainment which cannot be called frivolous because the Professor backed his many criticisms with solid arguments, even when he presented many of them merely as his own opinions. 'Is there anything against speaking the truth with a

smile?' asked Horace 2,000 years ago. Professor Spott evidently thinks not.

In 'Anglo-American Discussion' which followed the portrait of Tennyson we were served with harder and less appetising tack. Not that I mean to belittle this broadcast which, I am sure, is a very valuable contribution to our family relations. The question under discussion was 'How far should British and United States' Foreign Policies be Co-ordinated?' and it was discussed amicably, politely, but trenchantly by two M.P.s, a Socialist and a Conservative, and two Senators, a Democrat and a Republican, each side with a chairman who was notably skilful in keeping the discussion strictly to the track. It was highly interesting, but, naturally, it contained nothing of the poetry of labour or the labour of poetry and I could not help reflecting that the world would be a pleasanter place if every member of every earthly government were set to full-time work in a chestnut coppice.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### Much Ado

AFTER ALL THE POTHER the broadcasts of the Edinburgh Festival programmes have gone according to schedule. The complainants were, indeed, on weak ground, even on a statistical showing. For, while seven broadcasts have been arranged for the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, eleven programmes in which British orchestras take part are being relayed. Quite apart from this, it is ridiculous to treat the Edinburgh broadcasts in isolation, when all the time British orchestras are being heard in many programmes (including the Promenade Concerts) every day of the week. Even if this were not so, it shows a discreditable pusillanimity on the part of the representatives of British orchestral players to grudge listeners the opportunity of hearing as much as possible of the playing of a distinguished foreign orchestra during its brief visit. Is it that they are afraid?

If the Musicians' Union had no real cause to complain, the listener at home may with reason enquire why he was not allowed to hear the opening concert, devoted to British music and including the first performance of a new symphony which had carried off the prize in a world-wide competition sponsored by the Festival authorities. I can think of no other country whose broadcasting system would have ignored such an event. The only explanation I can suggest is that a concert at 7.30 p.m. does not fit into the present scheme of broadcasting on a Sunday evening. If my guess is correct, it means that the schedule has become stereotyped and that there is need of greater flexibility.

Otherwise a fair sample has been given of the many events in the Festival, whose programmes this year show a greater regard for coherent planning than has been evident in the past. Thus special attention has been paid to the art of song in a series of recitals, which has not despised French operetta, as deliciously 'put over' by Fanély Reveil and Willy Clément. I hope that these witty and accomplished singers were as successful in driving away the megrims round the hearth as they were in thawing a staid Scottish audience. In chamber music and orchestral concert Schubert is providing a consistent core to the programmes, and the first music (apart from the Service in St. Giles) to be broadcast from the Festival was his little B flat Symphony conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, now happily restored to activity.

Of the New York Orchestra I have heard at the moment of writing only the first concert directed by Bruno Walter, of which part was broadcast. It is a splendid instrument, as one could hear at once in the performance of the



National Anthem, in which they set a good example of playing it straight without any frills or clever counterpoints, while the American Hymn afforded an opportunity of hearing the solid and uniform string tone in all its splendour. And what round and resonant brass! The 'Euryanthe' Overture gave the violoncellos a chance to show how precisely they can play together, and what firm tone results from this accuracy and sure intonation. There was much to admire, too, in the wood-wind section though

here we have individual players who are as good as, and some better than, their American counterparts. It is in complete discipline rather than in sheer beauty of tone that this orchestra excels, and, I suppose, in the fact that the back desks of strings are not inferior to those in front.

It cannot be said that Dr. Walter resisted the temptation, which must be strong for a conductor in charge of such an orchestra, to take full advantage of its abilities in despite of the character of the music. I thought the tempo of

the *Andante con moto* in Mozart's E flat Symphony too slow and of the finale a good deal too fast. The one sounded leaden-footed, the other, despite the orchestra's ability to maintain the pace, too rushed.

The opera broadcasts are yet to come, and I will only urge anyone who cares for good opera not to miss 'La Forza del Destino'. He is unlikely to have an opportunity of hearing a better performance of this splendid work.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Songs of Ivor Gurney

By SCOTT GODDARD

A recital of Gurney's songs will be broadcast at 10.45 p.m. on Friday, September 7 (Third)

THE early extinction of genius is a matter that has exercised the imagination of the poets, from whose ranks the choicest specimens have been chosen by fate, the cold pens of historians and the pondering vision of psychologists. Ivor Gurney belongs to this tragic race. He was extinguished early; at a time when his achievement was considerable and his promise boundless. But unlike his peers he was finished not by death but by illness which attacked him on a man's most defenceless flank. For fifteen years after the illness had declared itself for the horror it was, he lingered—in what degree of spiritual comfort we do not know—in a mental hospital. Some months before he died there appeared a tribute to his talent, couched in wistful present tense, as though his friends and admirers were aware, but dared not show their sorrowful awareness, that they were addressing one already a ghost. The terms of that tribute are sufficiently astonishing to warrant quotation.

Gurney was poet as well as musician. His published verse, first appearing during the 1914-18 war when he was in France, placed him among the earliest of the Georgians and held the attention of the discerning. 'Most of the book', Gurney said in his preface to that volume called *Severn and Somme* nearly all of which was written in France, 'is concerned with a person named Myself, and the rest with my county, Gloucester, that whether I live or die stays always with me'. As much might be said of the finest of his songs, in which his personality is most audible. But there is something more, a prophetic note in those prefatory lines. It took a fellow poet to discover that.

Walter de la Mare contributed an article to that symposium of praise in *Music and Letters* (January 1938). He knew by then that Gurney, whom first he had known as a poet, was also a creative musician. 'Occasionally his poems may be difficult, because the link between thought and thought appears to be missing . . . There are songs that only he himself could put to their appointed music'. And Walter de la Mare speaks of the preface to that first book of verse as 'a dangerous venture for a poet'. The danger would be for a poet to explain his work in prose. But one sees now, as others must have seen then, the other menacing danger for a man of such sensitivity endeavouring to combine into one way of life, one vision and spiritual pattern, both *Severn* and *Somme*.

One cannot tell. Yet the difficulty the elder poet warned us of in reading and understanding Gurney's poems is in his songs also, intermittently: a vague disquiet in the setting of Edward Thomas' 'Lights Out', rightly considered one of Gurney's finest songs. The disquiet there is one of mood, an indefinable disharmony between the essentially dreamlike line and emphasis of the voice and the sense of the

words when the poet breaks away from the idea of sleep and, as though sleep had already turned to death, cries 'Here love ends, Despair, ambition ends'. This brings about a slight disturbance in the music but no more, nothing comparable to the anguish in the poem. For a moment the music seems to shiver as though it (or its creator) were on the brink of a disastrous recognition. But it turns away and when the poem resumes its first serenity the music is waiting, having never left that mood. The end, where now the music is alone, has the weird inevitability and perfection of a miracle.

And then one plays the song again: and again there is the same chill of a danger apprehended but not faced. Or is one being wise after the event? The song is dated 1919; a year after Gurney had returned from the war to the Royal College of Music, three years only before the 'delusions' which were nurtured by his war experiences sent him into retreat. Small wonder if 'To go into the unknown I must enter and leave alone I know not how' gave him pause.

This dichotomy between vision and actuality, between *Severn* and *Somme*, is only implicit in 'Lights Out' and does the song no fundamental hurt. In the last song of that cycle, 'The Trumpet', the cleavage is more noticeable, certainly more harmful to the attempt Gurney makes at combining the poet's vision with the musician's. The climax of the verse is in the line 'To the old wars, arise', which may be taken as an invocation that Edward Thomas meant to refer to some idea of the ageless struggle towards perfection, perhaps. One has, however, the uneasy suspicion that to Gurney it conjured up terrific memories; for again there is the same sudden withdrawal of intensity as in 'Lights Out'. The utterance is strong and indeed powerful; where intensity is lacking is in the quality of the music at that point, the emotional emphasis which is diluted with something near conventionality, as near as this rare spirit ever approached. The date of this song should be taken into account: 1925. Gurney was irretrievably within the shadow and if we are right in suggesting that the cleavage between *Severn* and *Somme* was responsible for his distress of mind his personality was by then irrevocably divided and the wonder is that this or any song could ever issue from his retreat.

We have reached the point in this enquiry when it is no longer the poet working in words but the musician working in the poetry of sound that holds our attention. Of Gurney the writer of songs Dr. Vaughan Williams, taking on the tale from Mr. de la Mare, speaks as Gurney's teacher. Stanford, who taught him before the war, said that Gurney was potentially the most gifted man that had ever come his way and the least reachable. Vaughan Williams found in him 'the originality of inevitableness' and placed him as a song writer in the great tradi-

tion of Stanford and so back to the European inheritance Stanford drew upon. Mentioning the connection Gurney had with the Georgian poets of that day, men who 'had just re-discovered England and the language that fitted the shy beauty of their own country', Vaughan Williams turns again to the other half of this gifted young man, Gurney the musician, who 'found the exact musical equivalent both in sentiment and in cadence to this poetry'.

The essential truth in that statement can be tested by reference to the 'Twenty Songs' published by the Oxford University Press. These two volumes contain songs not previously published, chosen by Gurney's fellow-musicians and devoutly handled by those among them who were able with understanding to prepare final versions from the manuscripts that had more than one reading of many of the songs. Gurney carried the words of other poets in his mind and, being himself a poet, when it came to setting those words his instinct for the right phrase to suit the music coursing through his mind led him at times to alter a sequence, transpose a word and suit a line to his music. In the sad event the poets allowed this, offering an astonishing tribute. The essential musical equivalent in the sentiment was safe with him, the cadence in the poetry he took his own way with, he being a poet. It is not always clear why he did this or easy to understand what springs of creation caused him to alter 'when I crumble', which is perfectly settable and indeed poignant and of a fine emphasis, to 'when I die' in his setting of Walter de la Mare's 'An Epitaph'. Half of his mind may have been indolent and exhausted by the intense activity of the other, the musician's, part. For the evidence finally is that his poet's work was overpowered by the urgency of the creative musician.

His clearest, most easily understandable songs are those with words dealing in country matters, the settings of Housman especially. And at once one compares them with Arthur Somervell whose settings are deft and attractive in a conventional, easy way, and John Ireland's, where the sentiment is mirrored darkly and profoundly in the music. Gurney was then neither darkly subtle nor profoundly introspective. There are also songs which seem to echo Stanford's more hearty manner. 'Captain Stratton's Fancy', which Dr. Howells says went the rounds of many a prison camp, is an example. And for directness of a less boisterous, more endearing nature there is 'Black Stichel' in which Wilfrid Gibson's lines are given an exact counterpart of freedom and intimacy.

It is bootless to imagine what our music would have gained had Gurney's mind not been wounded by war. The identity of the poet in words and the poet in music was for a fleeting moment at one in him. It was a rare confluence of those divine gifts.



# Recipes for the Housewife

## SEMOLINA MERINGUE

THIS IS A creamy sweet, very soft and mellow, with a crisp meringue top, hard enough to crack with a spoon. Here are the ingredients for four people:

- 1 pint of milk
- 6 level tablespoons (3 oz.) of sugar, preferably castor or icing
- 3 level tablespoons (1½ oz.) of semolina
- 2 eggs
- 1 saltspoon of salt

Put the sugar into a basin and the semolina on to a plate. It must be 3 level tablespoons, not more nor less. Add 1 heaped tablespoon of the sugar to the semolina, then add the salt. Put 1 pint of milk into a double boiler and heat the water in the lower part until a faint skin appears on the milk. Sprinkle in the semolina, stirring all the time until it thickens. Let it continue cooking for 10 minutes. Then remove the top of the boiler from the heat and allow it to cool for 20 minutes.

Separate the yolks from the whites of 2 eggs. Beat the yolks into the cooled semolina. Return the boiler to the heat and cook, stirring frequently, for 5 minutes. Turn the mixture into a shallow fireproof dish and let it cool for 15-20 minutes. In the meantime whip the whites until they are stiff and dry. Add the rest of the sugar gradually, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating each thoroughly in. Spread the meringue top

over the cooled semolina. And cook in a very cool oven (250 degrees) for 50 minutes.

MARGARET RYAN

## TWO EGGS IN FOUR LANGUAGES

### IV—France

I think the English have too great a reverence for eggs. An egg is not precious gold, it is to be used to make a dish nicer. I do not think egg is a main dish, although it is nice to use egg if you finish a meal in a sweet manner, which is a sort of tradition with me: to make a light and delicate sweet—not, as we sometimes find in England, a very filling sweet. Like the lady from Norway I choose a meringue, but it is made differently: it is a poached meringue for 4 people.

Mix the whites of 2 eggs until they are very stiff. Sweeten to taste—that is with about 1 tablespoon of sugar—then cook 4 separate tablespoons of this meringue mixture in boiling milk till the mixture is set. It takes only a few minutes. It is not boiled into it, you just put it in the boiling milk. The remainder of the milk you pour over the 2 yolks of eggs which, again, you must sweeten a little. Then when they have been whipped you can put the custard back to the stove until it thickens. You let this custard get cold, and serve it in four small fancy dishes. On top of each, after the custard has been poured in it, you add one of those

meringues. You can sprinkle over it some colour, perhaps, then you serve it, of course, with biscuits or wafers. This kind of sweet is delicate but is not supposed to be what we call an English 'pudding'.

JEAN CONIL

## Some of Our Contributors

IVOR THOMAS (page 327): Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1946-47; M.P. for Keighley, 1942-50 (Labour, 1942-48; Conservative, 1949-50); member of editorial staff of *The Times*, 1930-37; author of *The Socialist Tragedy*, *The Problem of Italy*, etc.

C. G. F. SIMKIN (page 328): Professor of Economics, Auckland University College

JOHN MORRIS (page 334): Head of Far Eastern Service, B.B.C.; Professor of English Literature, Keio University, and Lecturer at Imperial and Bunrika Universities, Tokyo, 1938-42; recently returned from a visit to Japan; author of *The Phoenix Cup: Some Notes on Japan in 1946*, *Traveller from Tokyo*, etc.

C. E. CARRINGTON (page 339): educational manager, Cambridge University Press; author of *The British Overseas*, *An Exposition of Empire*, *A History of England from the Earliest Times to 1931* (with J. Hampden Jackson), etc.

DAVID PIPER (page 344): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery

## Crossword No. 1,113.

Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, September 6

One of the nine letter lights, consisting of different letters, is to be placed under the numbers one to nine and the rest of the alphabet added. All the lights are to be then entered numerically—for

## Fourges.

## By Fez

example, if the keyword is SHIPWRECK we get

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S	H	I	P	W	R	E	C	K
A	B	D	F	G	J	L	M	N
O	Q	T	U	V	X	Y	Z	

The number 1 replaces the letters S, A, or O and the number 2 replaces the letters H, B or Q, etc. Thus DELIGHTFUL becomes 3773523447.

All clues are straightforward and punctuation is to be neglected.

### Clues ACROSS

1. In papering scope Grace reigned supreme (2 words—13).
7. To turn outward the late abstainer includes a mark (9).
12. Perhaps Electra should provide this (5).
13. A type of medicinal oil (fishy?) loses 551 and reveals a fieldsman (5).
14. Tie up dear to divorce (9).
- 15-18. A red gem whose French equivalent is its anagram (6).
16. See 19.
17. Coarseness. Five for loud in 9 and shuffle (9).
- 19-16. 'And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of —' (6).
20. 'The — Quixote' by 19-16 (9).
23. This type of decree is almost entirely unknown (5).
24. White and yellow ones are associated with oval. But they are round (5).
25. The girl is about to come in but makes the wrong record (9).
- 28B. The same repotes in comfort to secure confirmation. Egocentric! One hundred single onions about the soldier (13).

### DOWN

1. Iberian chess move? No just a dream (3 words—13).

2. Building clay with nothing in gives balance (5).
- 4B-3B. Wrap up a backward knot to fall out (6).
- 5B. Mango groves (perhaps) or Buddhist monuments (5).
6. Naps shirt mops up here for fair play (13).
7. A holy institution put backwards in a slightly confused trigonometrical ratio (9).
8. How exciting! A triplet embraces an aspirate (9).
9. French surfeit, confuse the laymen and produce thrift (9).
10. Thankfulness. If it loses a grain it sounds like a posture (9).
11. Common to early English history, polygons and photography (2 words—9).
21. Post Office interest. In short often appended to 13 (5).
22. These annulets are partly beyond one's power (5).
- 26U-27. Far apart, yet when it loses face a street is left (6).

## Solution of No. 1,111

### Prizewinners:

F. Bailey (Burnham); Miss A. J. Barker (Misson); H. Ward Boys (London, S.W. 3); F. E. Dixon (Dublin); K. Scott (Newcastle - on - Tyne)

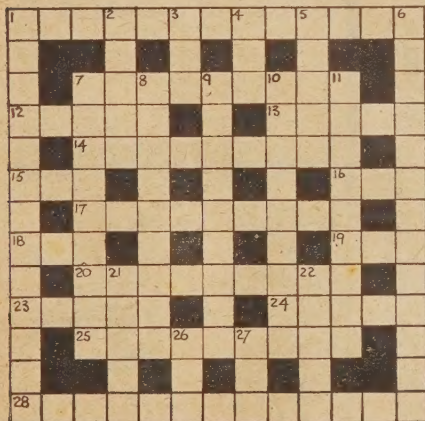
R	E	B	A	T	E	S	P	R	I	T	E
E	T	T	P	E	D	E	C	E	N	T	N
L	A	W	I	A	R	R	O	T	T	E	D
I	T	A	N	G	O	E	N	A	E	L	I
C	O	Y	G	L	A	N	D	I	R	E	V
T	R	A	M	E	N	V	E	L	O	P	E
S	E	D	I	T	I	O	N	W	R	A	P
B	B	L	K	A	U	M	S	E	I	T	A
R	U	I	R	O	N	T	I	E	R	R	H
U	R	N	O	U	N	T	O	S	O	R	T
S	I	G	N	G	A	R	D	E	N	U	A
K	N	I	G	H	T	P	A	R	S	O	N

### NOTES

Across: 38. *Treasure Island*. 48. 'On such a night . . . ' ('Merchant of Venice').

Down: 24. See *Brewster's Dictionary*.

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